

*Wit a thousand different Shapes it bears,
And Comedy in a thousand forms appears.*

COUNTRY TOM'S Complete JESTER;

OR, THE
LAUGHER'S DELIGHT.

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and all the Wit, which have lately flowed from the
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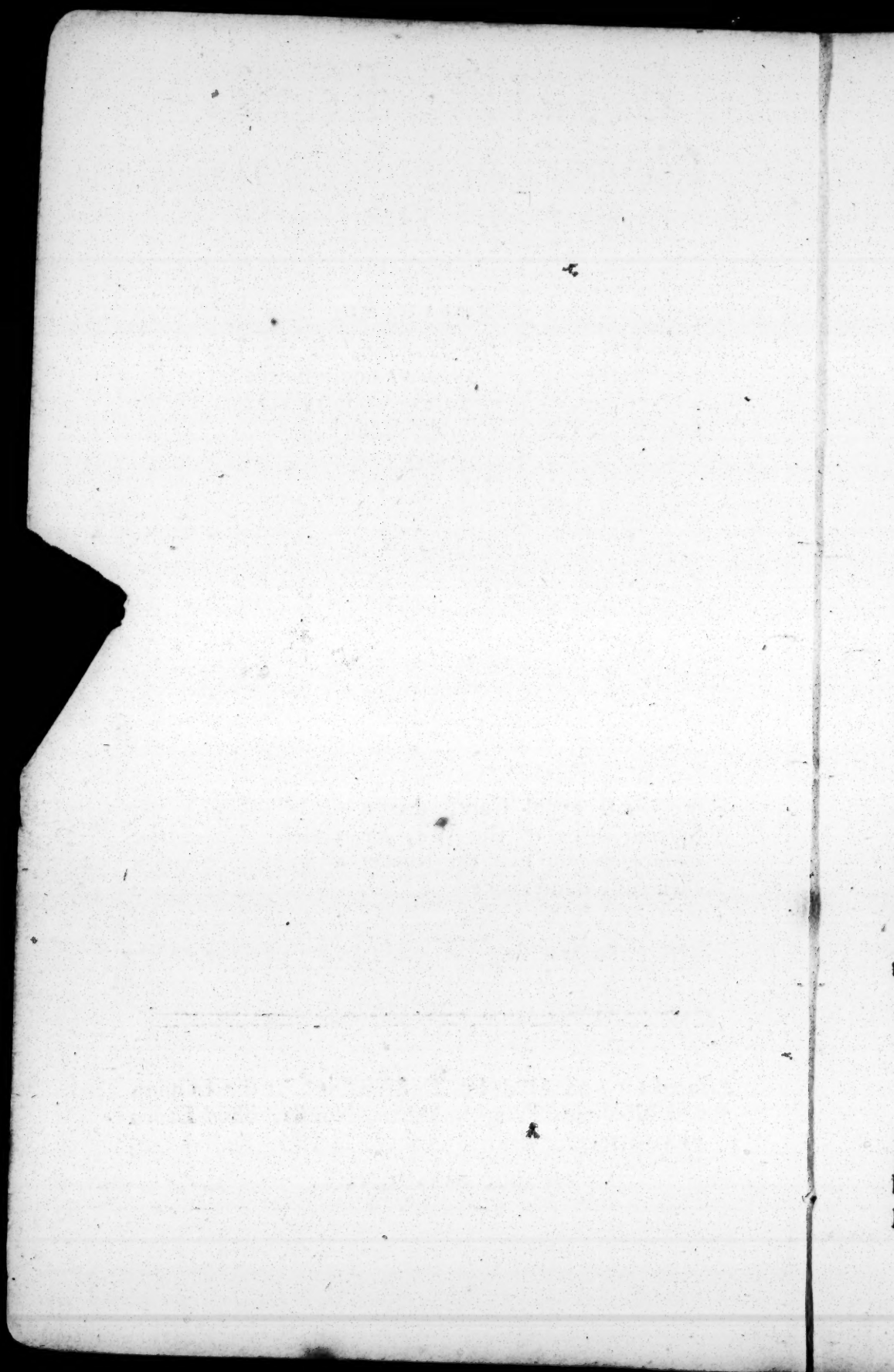
Which will expel Care, drown Grief, banish the
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cheerful Countenance.

The whole teaching the agreeable Art of Story-telling
and furnishing Pieces of Wit, for the Amusement
and Improvement of both Sexes.

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COUNTRY TOM'S COMPLETE JESTER.

THE first day Mrs. Pilkington opened her pamphlet-shop in St. James's Street, a Clergyman stepped in, and asked her if she had got any thing new? Yes, sir, replied she, my present situation.

She was employed by a certain gentleman to write some poetical pieces, which he insisted must abound with wit; they were accordingly executed to his satisfaction, and he passed them upon the public as his own; but some time after, a little difference arising between him and Mrs. Pilkington, he wrote her word, that she was a fool. To which she answered, "I must insist on it you were a much greater, to apply to a fool for wit."

When Count St. Evremond whose writings are so well known in the literary world, was dangerously ill, and had not enjoyed any sleep for a long time, a consultation of physicians was held, to think of some means to procure him rest; which he being sensible of, called them to his bed-side, and told them, he knew the business they were upon, and believed he had himself thought of the most effectual remedy to procure sound sleep. They listened with attention, to hear what he had to offer; when he desired them to send for a certain preacher, who was remarkable for dulness, saying, "I don't remember that I ever heard that gentleman preach, but I fell fast asleep before his sermon was half ended."

As the facetious H—y W—d comedian, was one day walking with a friend under Covent Garden Piazza, a poor miserable looking wretch asked his charity. Seeing the beggar's shocking countenance, H—y put his hand in his pocket and relieved him, saying at the same time, "This

B

" fellow

"fellow is certainly either a great object of charity, or a very good actor."

An extravagant young fellow, who was very forward to spend his money, though he could but ill afford it, being one evening in company in a public house, where it was proposed to spend six-pence a piece; the young spendthrift not contented with this reasonable expence, insisted that it should be a shilling; saying he knew no difference between a shilling and six-pence: To which a sly old economist replied, "But you will, young gentleman, when you come to be worth eighteen-pence."

One meeting an acquaintance, says to him, with a kind of secret joy; I'll tell you a piece of news, my friend; between you and I my wife's with child; answered the other, "You are greatly mistaken, for I have not lain with your wife this twelvemonth."

In the time of the wars between the duke of Marlborough's army and the French, in the reign of Queen Anne, it was a constant practice with the French court to cause illuminations and bonfires to be made in Paris after every battle, whether their army got the victory, or not, in order to keep up the spirits of the people; particularly one time, when the English had totally defeated the French, and great illuminations and bonfires were made as usual; a French soldier merrily said, "Begar, the people of our nation are like flint stones; the more you beat them, the more fire they make."

A certain political writer, on the Tory side of the question, in a former reign, being bribed over to the court interest by a pension; one of the party he had deserted, taxed him with the meanness of being a turncoat, and asked his reason for quitting the party for a bribe? To which the author replied, "That he had seven very substantial reasons for it, viz a wife and six children."

When drams were more in vogue than they are at present, a gentleman called for a glass of brandy at the Smyrna, because, he said, he was very hot. Bring me one, waiter, says another, for I am very cold. "It is a strange thing," says a third, "that people can't find an excuse for their follies, without insulting the good sense of the company. Here, bring me a dram, boy, for I like it."

One swore, they had found it so excessive hot going to Guinea, that they needed no fire to boil their kettle, but dressed all their meat above deck in the sun-shine; and could bake, boil, fry, or stew, as well as at a large fire.

The other said, I never was in so hot a climate as that; but, I have been so many degrees to the Northward, where it has been so cold, it has frozen our words in our mouths, that we could not hear one another speak, till we came into a warmer latitude to thaw them; and then all our discourses broke out together like a clap of thunder, that there never was such a confusion of tongues heard at Babel.

Says his companion, that's very strange, but I have known stranger things to be true. I was once sitting upon my chest between the decks, picking the lice out of an old canvass jacket, and a beam of lightning darted and melted one of the guns, and went through a pair of buckskin breeches I had on, and burnt the lappets of a blue shirt to tinder; hissed as it came out like a rattle snake, but did my body no manner of damage.

Beau Nash, once complimented a lady, told her among other things, that he should like to pass his days with her. To which the lady replied, "You are an agreeable companion, Mr. Nash, and I might perhaps like to pass my days with you, but for my nights, I would rather beg to be excused."

A gentleman passing over a causeway in the country, which parted two waters, and was not railed on either side to secure passengers from falling, in case of their feet slipping, says to a countryman whom he overtook, "Methinks this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, honest friend: Pray, are not people lost here, sometimes?" Lost! answered the fellow, "I never knew any body lost here in my life; there have, indeed, been several drowned, but they are always found again."

A court member of the House of Commons, some years ago, observing a new elected one of the opposite party that sat next to him, and who was a remarkable fat man, rising from his seat to speak in a debate, the courtier cried out, "Mr. Speaker, I beg your attention to the gentleman next me, who is so full of Matter, that he cannot keep his seat;" which raised an immoderate laugh, and so abashed the young member,

member, that he sat down again without speaking a syllable.

Some soldiers quartered in a country town, meeting a farmer on the road, a little way out of town, in a dark night, robbed him of his great coat and money. The farmer went immediately to one of the captains of the regiment to make complaint. "Honest friend, (says the captain) when the soldiers robbed you, had you that coat on which you have now?" Yes, Sir, answered the poor man. "Why then, replied the captain) you may depend on it that they do not belong to my company, or they would not have left you that, nor even your shirt."

A gentleman having occasion to buy a horse, and being no judge of horse flesh, went to a dealer whom he knew, and told him he wanted to buy a good horse; but as he was ignorant how to make a proper choice, would leave it to him; that he expected he (the dealer) would put a good one into his hands, without a single fault, and that the gentleman would not beat him down as to price. A bargain was made, the jockey declaring, that to his knowledge the horse had not one fault; and the money was paid down. But jockies will be rogues; in a day or two the gentleman discovered, that notwithstanding the eyes of his horse to all appearance were good, he was in effect as blind as a stone. Upon this, the gentleman demanded the return of his money, which the jockey had the impudence to evade, by saying, "I told you the beast had no fault; and I swear to you now that I do not know of one; and as to his being blind, I confess he is so; but that is a misfortune, not a fault."

A Munster man being on board a man of war, was desired by his messmate to go down to the steward's room for a can of small beer. Teague perceiving that preparations were then making for sailing immediately, refused to go, saying, "Arrah, by my shoul, and so while I am after going into the cellar, to fetch drink for you, the ship will be after sailing, and leave me behind."

The same man one day telling his shipmates of the plenty of wild fowl in his country, "Arrah, damme, says he, "but patridges are so plenty there, that a blind man might kill a whole covey at a shot, if he could but see them rise."

Two men having a dispute together about works of fortification, one said to the other, "for all your pretended knowledge,

knowledge, I'll lay you a shilling you do not know what makes a fortification." Done, says the other, who was a droll fellow, "I insist on it, that two twentyfications makes a fortyfication."

During the time of general Bellifles confinement in Windsor Castle, as a party of soldiers were marching there, to be set as guards over him, a gentleman meeting them on the road, asked where they were going, and upon what business? When one of the officers, fond of punning, replied, "We are going to Windsor, 'to keep a General Fall.'"

An English earl, who was a pensioner, once told Sir Robert Walpole, he was always at a loss how to vote, inasmuch as he did not understand the debates; and was so near-sighted, that when the house divided, he knew not on which side to go. Sir Robert bade him "always follow the bishops." It happened on the convention scheme three or four of the bishops rose, and the earl seeing them move, he according to his master's direction, followed them, and voted point-blank against his interest.

Dean Swift, one evening, having Mrs. Pilkington and several other ladies at supper with him, was giving them an account of some women, who, he told them, was the naughtiest, most stinking old b——hes that ever was seen, "except the company. ladies, except the company; for that you know is but civil."

Nat. Lee going late to Drury Lane playhouse, at a time when there happened to be a very full house, was obliged to stand in the pit, there being no room to sit down; and here he was greatly crowded, particularly by a man who stood behind him; when Lee growing angry, swore at the man, and asked him what made him shove so hard upon him? The man laughingly said to him, the people behind press so violently upon me, that I cannot help pressing upon you. D—n you, says Lee, I wish you had been press'd into his Majesty's service before you came here,

An Oxford scholar being informed that a carrier who stopped at the door was an arch fellow, thus attacked him. Why, they tell me, my friend, that you are a very wise man. "May be so," says the fellow. And that you know all London, continued the scholar. and every body in it; pray can you tell where I live? "in Knaves Acre," says the carrier;

but

but I'm about to remove, says the Oxonian ; " And that will be to Tyburn," quoth the other.

The carrier was afterwards asked by the landlord whether he had seen his nephew, and what trade he was apprenticed to ? " A mutton pie maker," answered the fellow ; and when out of his time, he intends to take you in partner with him ; so that you may steal sheep upon the Downs here, and he'll pie them off in London. Faith you'll have rare trade on it. I hope we may, says the landlord, and you shall be our carrier. " That I would with pleasure," says the fellow, " if you were both going to the gallows."

The earl of Rochester having supped at a friend's house in the city of London, and stayed late, called a hackney coach at Temple Bar, and bid the man drive him to Berkley Square, where he then lodged ; the coachman vexed at so long a fare so late at night, grumbled very much ; and as he was mounting the box, swore he should be glad to drive him to hell. When they arrived at the house, Rochester called the fellow into the parlour, and told him of the wicked expression he had heard from his mouth, and asked him, what he meant by it ? The fellow replied, he was somewhat provoked at being to go so far at that time of night, and craved his pardon ; " But," says Rochester, " do you consider, you silly rascal, that if it were possible for you to drive me into hell, you must go in first yourself ?" " No, no, master," answered the coachman, " I could have provided against that well enough," " How can that be ?" says the peer. When the coachman replied. " Why, to tell you the truth, I would have backed your honour in." Rochester could not forbear laughing heartily at the salvo, and calling the fellow an arch dog, gave him a crown to drink his health.

A chimney-sweeper's boy had just swept the chimney at a barber's shop in London, and while the boy was tying up his foot, some of the journeymen, who were at work in the shop, being inclined to exercise their wit on the poor lad, among other questions asked him, what trade his father was ? To which the boy very archly replied, " What trade ? why ; my father was a barber, and I might have been a barber too ; but to tell you the truth, I did not like such a blackguard business."

A humourous fellow, a carpenter, being subpoena'd as a witness on a trial for an assault: one of the counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "just four feet five inches and a half," "Pr'ythee, fellow, says the counsel, how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the distance?" Why to tell you the truth, (says the carpenter) I thought perhaps that some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it.

In the heat of an engagement a sailor took his wounded comrade on his shoulders, and carrying him down to the surgeon, the fellow in his way lost his head. Why, says the surgeon, do you bring me a man without a head? Odso," says the sailor. "He told me he had only lost his leg, but he was always a lying dog."

A sailor fell from the main-mast and broke his legs: When his companions came about him, and commiserated him, Pho! says he, it might have been my neck.

An author after reading an extreme bad play to Quin, asked his opinion of it. He told him it would not do by any means. I wish, says the author, you could advise me what is best to do with it. "That I can," says Quin, "blot out one half and burn the other."

A poor fellow condemn'd, told the late justice Burnet, it was hard laws to be hang'd for stealing a horse. "No friend," says the judge, "you are not hang'd for stealing a horse; but that horses may not be stolen."

A wag merrily told Mr. Cibber, when his print of Mr. Pope, and the coffee-house girl came out, that he had publish'd Pope's Essay on Woman.

A certain great man having a good living vacant, by the death of a former incumbent, was solicited by many neighbouring clergymen of great learning, for the next presentation, all whom he refused, because they could not inform him who was Melchisedec's father, of which a young fellow of a college in Oxford hearing, he came to the great man, and asked it for himself; Sir, says he, if you can tell me who was Melchisedec's father, you may stand a good chance. "That I'll do instantly," replied the young gentleman, and who was his mother too." And putting his hand in one pocket, pulls

pulls out a purse of guineas, saying there is his father, my lord; then turning his hand to the other pocket, took out another purse, and this my lord, is his mother, says he. "Well," answered his lordship, "this is something to the purpose, I confess; let me only count the syllables of their names, and if they are right, you shall have the living."

At the long room at Bath, a lady that affected great modesty, was accidentally seated next to lady Vane; which she no sooner knew, then she edged away from her as far as the room would give her leave, which lady Vane perceiving, said softly to her, pray, madam is whoring catching?

A countryman of a merry disposition, being inclined to joke with one of his neighbours; Hodge, says he, "how many cuckolds do you think there are in our town, excepting yourself?" Excepting myself! What do you mean by that? quoth Hodge. Nay, don't be angry, says the other; How many are there then including yourself?

Dr. Johnson happening to sit in a coffee-room, where a dog was very troublesome, he bid the waiter kick him out; but in the hurry of business he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, he said, if the waiter did not kick the dog out, he would kick him out. Sir, said a young coxcomb, I perceive you are not fond of dogs. "No," said the doctor, nor of puppies neither."

A citizen's wife being in the country, and seeing a goose that had many goslings: how is it possible, said she, that one goose should suckle so many goslings?

A sea captain being just come ashore, was invited by some gentlemen to a hunting-match. After the sport was over, he gave his friends this particular account of what pastime he had. "Our horses being compleatly rigged, we manned them, and the wind being at S. W. twenty of us being in company away we set over the downs. In the time of half a watch we spied a hare under a full gale; we tacked, and stood after her; coming up close, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack, I had like to have ran a-ground; but getting close, off I stood after her again; but, as the devil would have it, just about to lay her a beard, bearing too much wind, I and my horse overset, and came keel upwards."

An Irishman went to a shoemaker's shop, and told the master he wanted to buy a pair of shoes. Accordingly he handed him a pair with the toe of one (as usual) thrust in the other. The Irishman put on his old shoes again in a great passion, and told the shoemaker he was a cheating knave, to offer to give him a pair of brogues that the little one was big enough to hold the great one in his belly.

A woman that drank pretty freely of the juniper, having been married some years and never had any children, seeing her husband (who was a gardener) sowing some carrot seed; John, says she, 'tis very strange, that the seed you sow here, should come to perfection, when the seed you sow in the bed up stairs comes to nothing. Wife, replies the gardener, the reason is, because my good seed is too much watered.

A lord lieutenant going over to Ireland with his lady and family, was, in his passage, overtaken by a violent storm, that the mariners themselves gave the vessel over for lost, and expected every moment that she would either founder or go ashore. At this juncture, a sailor observing one of the menial servants standing pale with fear at the cabin door, came up to him and asked him, "if he had ever lain with a duchess?" No, says the poor fellow frightened at such waggery, in such a danger as time: "Why then," says the tar, "you have that pleasure to come; for by God we shall all lay with her grace in less than half an hour." The duke, who overheard this, when the storm abated and the danger was over, sent the fellow a handsome present, and forgave him the impudence of the joke for the sake of his wit.

A gentleman asked a shepherd, whether that river might be passed over or not? Yes, says he; but upon trying he flounced over head and ears; Why, you rogue, says he, did you not tell me it might be passed over? "Indeed, Sir," says he, "I thought so, for my geese go over and back again every day, and I did not doubt but you was as wise as a goose."

A poor clergyman applied to a certain nobleman, who had a living in his gift at that time vacant, and, in order to succeed, said he had a wife and seven children. Why, says the nobleman, I believe you to be a very worthy and ingenious man, but in this affair you have acted very imprudently, for you have began at the wrong end. The clergyman begged

ged he would be so kind as to explain himself, for he really had always done his best to live. Why, says the peer, you should have got the living first, and the children afterwards.

Rabelais one day walking in the streets of Paris, had pressing occasion to go to a necessary-house; but not knowing any body in the street where he was taken, a thought came suddenly into his head, in order to relieve his present necessity, and at the same time to afford himself matter of merriment. He went into an upholsterer's shop, just at hand, and asked him whether he sold close-stools? The man answered, Yes, and immediately shewed him one. "Have you none hand-somer than this?" says Rabelais; shew me some covered genteely with different coloured velvets." While the shop-keeper went backwards to fetch them, Rabelais let down his breeches, and made use of that which was first brought him. The upholsterer returning with the others, and seeing him in such a posture, called out, "Sir, Sir, what are you about?" Only trying it, answered Rabelais: Then putting up his breeches, he walked away, saying, "They will not do for me; they are all too low."

Another time, upon a like occasion, the said jester went under a gate way, it being night, and eas'd himself in his servant's hat, and ordered the fellow to walk before him with it under his arm. The master following at a little distance, was resolved to treat himself with a laugh, at the expense of a baker, whose shop he was just passing by. He went to the baker, and told him (pointing to his lacquey,) "That fellow has stole a loaf off your bulk, and conceals it in his hat, under his arm." Away ran the poor baker after the servant, and seizing the hat, hastily thrust his hand in, thinking to secure his loaf; but his senses of feeling and smelling soon convinced him of his disappointment, to the great mortification of the baker, and to the no small entertainment of Rabelais.

A Frenchman, who spoke very broken English, having some words with his wife, endeavoured to call her Bitch, but could not recollect the name; at last he thought he had done it, by saying, "Begar, mine dear, but you be one damn'd dog's wife." Aye, that's true enough, answered the woman, the more's my misfortune.

A man telling his friend the situation of his affairs, with regard to his creditors, who were somewhat pressing on him,

said

said that his debt were mostly at fives and sixes, (meaning so many pounds.) Well, answers his good natured friend, since your affairs are not at sixes and sevens yet, cheer up I'll stand your friend.

A gentleman who was very morose an ill-natured at home in his family, was very remarkable facetious and merry abroad, insomuch that he was more than ordinarily entertaining wherever he went; which occasioned a lady once at a merry meeting where he was, to say to one present, who knew him well; Surely, if that gentleman is married, his wife must be extremely happy; for he is quite the fiddle of the company. Very true, madam, says the person she spoke to, but he always hangs his fiddle up at the door when he goes home.

A clergyman of a facetious turn of mind, who lived in Sussex, a coast on which shipwrecks have frequently happened; and where, upon such occasions, the inhabitants, instead of assisting the unfortunate in their distress, used to plunder all they could lay hands on, and treat the people ill; and were so keen at the news of a wreck, that they would leave all manner of business to plunder. A misfortune of this kind happening one Sunday, during the time of divine service, the alarm was given. "A wreck! A wreck!" upon which they began to scamper out with great precipitation; which our parson perceiving, opened the pulpit door, and walking down the stairs, called out at the same time, with a loud voice, Bretheren, let me intreat you to hear five words more." They turned about with impatient attention, to hear what the preacher had to say; who making hastily up to them, said, "let us all start fair:" Which odd behaviour had the desired effect; as he meant only to go with them, in order to prevent their abusing the ship's crew. which often happened.

A man paying a visit to some friends in the north of Ireland, they made him very welcome, but caused him to drink so very hard, that he wished himself at home again, saying, "he was sure that if he lived there long, he should die soon"

On a benefit night at the playhouse, many particular friends of the actor were let in at a private door, before the great doors were open; which when discovered, a gentleman cried

out, in a passion, it is a shame they should fill the house full of people before any body came."

An Apothecary at S——y, who took pleasure in humbugging the country fellows, or, in short, any body else that was fit for his purpose, passing through the market-place, saw a fellow standing idle, and gaping about him. Honest man, says he, you seem to have nothing to do; and if that is the case, I can give you a little employment, which you may do at your leisure. The fellow scratching his head, made his scrape, and thanked him for the favour intended. The apothecary then proceeded to tell him, that in his way of practice he had occasion to use large black rats, and it was a hard matter to procure them in town; therefore, if he (the countryman) would make it his business to hunt for them in the barns, malthouses, &c. in the country, he would give him half a crown a-piece for as many as he could get. The fellow quite overjoyed at the news of so profitable an employment, was in haste to be gone, and after taking the apothecary's direction, marched off with great expedition. The apothecary, on his part, was as well pleased at the fellow's swallowing the hum so greedily; and immediately went to communicate the laugh to his friends. In short, in about a fortnight after, the poor countryman came to the apothecary's house, laden with a sack full of rats, and addressing himself to him, told him he had at length got together as large a quantity of rats as he could, and that they were alive, and in good condition. The apothecary, who had practised many little matters of merriment of the same kind, since he had set this affair on foot, had quite forgot it; however, being always ready to carry on a joak, he told the fellow, that he had delayed procuring them so long, that he had been obliged to furnish himself elsewhere, and that at present he himself had no occasion for them, but recommended him to one of the same profession in town, who, he pretended would be glad to buy them. Away trudges the countryman, but to no purpose, for the person he was directed to made the same excuse, and sent him to another; and as they were all in the secret, the poor fellow was bandied about from one to another almost the whole day, lugging the wicked load from place to place. At length the fellow, perceiving that he was only made a fool of, returned to the apothecary who employed him

him to catch the rats, and told him, that all the gentlemen he had been with were provided; and that rather than lose his labour, he would sell them for a shilling a-piece. The apothecary answered, for his part, he had enough already. The man then told him, he should have them for six-pence each; but the other still urged that he was supplied. Well, (says the fellow,) since you will not buy them, sooner than carry them any farther, I will make you a present of them; so opening the sack, he let out all the rats into the shop; the creatures, loosed from confinement, in a strange place, flew and tore about the shop and parlour at a wicked rate, destroying bottles, glasses, gallipots, china, &c. to the great mortification of the apothecary, and to the high satisfaction of the country fellow. In short, the former has not, since that time, been so keen at humbugging as usual; and the latter soon smells a rat, when people endeavour to impose upon him.

Two citizens disputing which of them was the best scholar, one told the other he would lay him a wager, he did not know what was Latin for goose. Perhaps not, (answered the other,) but if my son was here, he would give you an immediate answer, (which is Latin for a goose.)

The earl of C——d, a nobleman of too much fortitude and greatness of soul to be shaken with every breath, was in Ireland, and one morning, when it was reported that the Roman Catholics were about to rise, a gentleman ran into his chamber very abruptly, (says he,) all Ireland are expected to be up immediately. Why, what's o'clock? (says the nobleman) ten my lord, (answered the gentleman.) Well then, truly, (says his lordship, very calmly,) I'll get up myself, for I think every man should be up at ten o'clock.

The same nobleman being informed by some officious person, that his coachman went to mass, he answered, with a smile. Does he so, well I promise you he shall never drive me there.

A dog running open-mouth'd at a serjeant on a march, he ran the spear of his halbert down his throat, and killed him on the spot. The owner coming out, raved extremely at the death of his dog, and asked the serjeant, why he could not as well have struck him with the blunt end of his halbert?

So I would (said the serjeant,) if he had run at me with his tail foremost.

The IMPARTIAL DECISION, or Lex Talionis.

A Young fellow walking through the streets of Paris, chanced to espy a purse with money in it lying near a church door, which he joyfully pocketed; and soon after meeting with some friends he acquainted them with his good fortune, and invited them to take a glass with him on the cheerful occasion, at an adjacent tavern, which they readily accepted. In the mean time the man who had lost the purse, making careful and diligent enquiry, got intelligence of the manner of its being found, and where the person was who found it.

Away flies the owner of the purse to a proper officer, who attended him to the place where these merry blades were regaling over a bottle; and demanded if any one there had found a purse.

The present possessor had not assurance enough to deny the fact, but readily pulls it out, and tendered it to the owner, begs the favor of him to tell his money over, and assures him, that there was but one crown melted, which was metamorphosed into claret, for the entertainment of himself and friends.

The gentleman insisted on restitution to a farthing. The delinquent not having any money in his pocket, to answer the demand, the whole house was in an uproar.

The constable attempted to secure him, but the young fellow being strong and active, got from him, ran out of the house, and the constable, &c. after him. Crossing the street in his hasty flight, he unluckily ran against a tradesman's wife who was big with child, which threw her down, and greatly frightened her.

He still continued his flight, and seeing a ladder, which stood against a house then repairing, he ran up it, but the constable shaking it below when the other was near the top, he tumbled down upon him, and broke the constable's arm.

Being now secured, he was carried before a magistrate, where all the sufferers appeared in a body against him. He that lost his purse, the husband of the big-bellied woman,

and

and the constable with his broken arm. All loudly inveterate against the young fellow, in hopes of getting rewarded, and him punished.

The justice well weighing the allegations, thought the man not very culpable, but that the disasters which had happened were rather the effects of mere accident, than a bad disposition, he thus settled the affair.

That since the prisoner had embezzled part of the prosecutor's money, and that the latter had refused the remainder, he (the prisoner) should keep what he had, 'till he was able and willing to restore the whole. Then turning to the husband of the woman with child, he told him that if his wife was dangerously hurt, the prisoner should pay the physician, and if she should miscarry, he should be obliged to cohabit with her, 'till she was as far gone with child, as she was before her miscarriage; and as to Mr. Constable, whose heart was ready to burst with anger and avarice, the justice told him, that according to the law of Lex Talionis, he might if he pleased, ascend the ladder, and tumble down upon the prisoner and break his arm in the same manner. This impartial decision pleased all the hearers, except the complainants, who were horridly chagrined at being disappointed of the fines they expected would be levied on the young fellow.

A well beneficed old parson being in a large company at a public dinner, he entertained them with nothing else but the situation and profits of his parochial livings, which last he said he kept entirely to himself. The company in general, despised him too much to make any remarks on his egotisms; but Quin being one of the party, and observing the parson, as he stretched a-cross the table, to shew a pair of very dirty, yellow hands, he immediately called out, "So, so, doctor, I think you do keep your Glebe in your own hands."

An English and French gentleman had a dispute which nation most excelled in wit; the Englishman insisted that it was common amongst the very mob; and to convince monsieur of the superiority, he carried him to Charing-Cross, where a man then stood in the pillory, for keeping a disorderly house; but the populace looking on it as an inconsiderable offence, they did not throw any thing at, or ill treat him, as is usual for crimes of a different nature; therefore the fellow

quite easy and unconcerned, and lifted the upper part of the pillory sometimes higher, and then let it lower again, just to suit himself. Upon which, one of the spectators, who stood there with a load upon his head, seeing the offender so dexterous, said "D—n it, 'tis my opinion this fellow has served his time to the pillory, he is so handy about it." To which a droll rogue in a leather apron replied, "served his time to it? You may be sure he has; don't you see he is set up for himself?" Set up? (says another,) how can he be set up when he stands? "Why you foolish dog, (rejoined he who spoke second,) don't you know it is a standing business." And now a fellow in a woollen cap calls out to the man in the pillory, "Harkee cocky, (says he,) had you not rather the jokes should fly about than the rotten eggs? Aye sure, master, (replies the man,) though it was on account of some sort of jokes, I got my head in this hole. At this time a barrow-woman added one more to the assembly; when a porter accosts her, with, "Well, Moll, what brought you here?" To which she returned, "Curiosity and my legs, Jack; now I hope the fool's answered." Fool! (ays the fellow,) what do you mean by that, you slut? Why, (rejoined she,) you must be a fool, because you can neither read nor write. Very true, (answered the porter,) but I can set my mark; and immediately striking her in the face, gave her a black eye. This brought on a battle between the porter and a man who took the woman's part; when the Frenchman seeing the English fight like bull-dogs, said the English shine in war as well as wit.

Mr. Chiswick was presented to a good living by my lord chancellor; on his waiting on my lord, to thank him for his kindness, the chancellor and his lady joked the parson on his soon altering his state, and taking to him a wife; no, my lord, says Chiswick, you have given me plenty, and I'll take care to have peace.

Lady — spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent run of small beer, and asked him how it might be best preserv'd? "I know no method so effectual, my lady, (replies the butler,) as placing a barrel of good ale by it."

A highwayman presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in a chariot, demanded his money with the usual compliment; the gentleman readily surrendered his purse, containing about
sixty

sixty guineas, and told the highwaymen, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. With all my heart, says the highwayman, and gave it to the gentleman, who instantly turn'd the muzzle towards him, and told him, if he did not redeliver his purse, he would shoot him. "That you may," replied the highwayman, for I promise you it is not loaded; and rode off very coolly with his booty."

Voltaire having lampooned a nobleman, was one night in his way home intercepted by him, and handsomely cudgelled for his licentious wit. Upon which he applied to the duke of Orleans, who was then regent, and begg'd him to do justice in the affair. Sir, (replied the regent, smiling,) it has been done already.

The late prince of Wales having a mind to divert himself incog, went to see a bull-baiting near Hockley in the Hole. The bull being true game gave a great deal of sport, and foil'd every dog that attacked him. At last, old Towzer, whose owner (a butcher in Clare-market) stood close to the prince, fairly pinn'd the bull. At which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his royal highness a swinging clap on the back, saying, "see there, my prince, that is my dog, rot me if it 'ent."

A young fellow came to offer himself at the playhouse, whose talent lay in comedy; and having given a specimen of his capacity to Mr. Quin, he asked if he had ever play'd any parts in comedy? The former answered, yes; he had play'd Abel in the Alchymist. "I am rather of opinion you play'd Cain, says Quin, for I am certain you murder'd Abel."

One seeing a friend going before him in the street, call'd Hallo. A haughty German passing by at the time, ask'd what business he had to cry Hallo while he pass'd by? Pox take you, says the Englishman, what business had you to pass by while I was crying Hallo?

A handsome young gentleman, having married an extremely ugly lady, who was very rich, was ask'd by his friends, how he cou'd think of marrying so ordinary a woman? Look ye, said he, I bought her by weight, and paid nothing for fashion.

King Henry VIII. appointing a nobleman to go on an embassy to Francis I. at a very dangerous juncture, he begged to be excus'd, saying, such a threatening letter to so hot a prince as Francis I. might go near to cost him his life. Fear not, says old Harry; if the French king should take away your life, I'll revenge it by taking off the heads of many Frenchmen, now in my power. But of all those heads, (replied the nobleman,) there may not be one that will fit my shoulders.

A poor man in Suffex, who was deemed very skilful in prognostications about the weather, was asked by a petty-fogging lawyer, when the sun would change? When such a wicked lawyer as you goes to Heaven, answered the poor fellow.

One swore an eel was the longest lived of all creatures, for it lived longest after it was dead.

A Welchman seeing his master tearing some letters, pray, Sir, give hur one, says he, no matter which, to send to hur friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while.

Doctor Rock who had rais'd a handsome fortune from a small beginning, happening to have some words with a person who had known him some time, was asked how he could have the impudence to give himself such airs to one who knew him seven years ago, when he had hardly a rag to his a—e? You lie, sirrah, replied Rock; for seven years ago, I had nothing but rags to my a—e.

A young fellow, having made away with all he had, even to his last suit of cloaths, ore fid to him. Now, I hope you'll own yourself a happy man; for you have put an end to all your cares. How so? said the gentleman. "Because, reply'd the other, you have nothing else to take care of."

A lady that had married a gentleman, who was a tolerable good poet, one day sitting alone with him, said, come, my dear, you write upon other people; pry'thee, write something for me. Let me see what epitaph you'll bestow on me when dead? Oh! my dear, reply'd he, that's a melancholy subject; don't think of it. Nay, upon my life you shall, says she, Come I'll begin. "Here lies Bid." To which he answered.

Ah! I wish she did.

Henry

Henry IV. of France, reading the following ostentatious inscription on the monument of a Spanish officer; Here lies the body of Don, &c. &c. "who never knew what fear was." Then, says the king, he never snuff'd a candle with his fingers.

An honest bluff country farmer, meeting the parson of the parish in a bye-lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson with an erected crest, told him, that he was better fed than taught. "Very true, indeed, (replied the farmer) for you teach me, and I feed myself."

Nash seldom boasted of his family or learning; and his father's name and circumstances were so little known, that Dr. Cheyne used frequently to say, that Nash had no father. The duchess of Marlborough one day rallying him in public company upon the obscurity of his birth, compared him to Gil Blas, who was ashamed of his father. "No madam, replied Nash, I seldom mention my father in company; not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me."

A gentleman seeing beau Nash go out very finely dressed, after the mutual compliments, asked where he was going? Going, (says Nash,) why, I am going to advertize. What? says the gentleman. "Why, myself, quoth Nash, for that's the only use of a fine coat."

At one of the public schools, the Eunuch of Terence was got up, and exhibited by the scholars. Tom Brown was present at the performance, which indeed deserved and obtained the greatest applause; but the good doctor thinking one of the scenes too luscious, had cut it out; for which he was commended by most of the auditors, who said it was a mark of true taste and judgement. "I will not dispute either the doctor's taste or judgement with you, says Tom, but I think it was a cruel thing to castrate an Eunuch."

A gentleman on his travels called his servant to the side of the post chaise; Tom, says he, here's a guinea, which is too light, and I can get nobody to take it, do you see and part with it some how or other on the road. Yes, Sir, says the footman, I'll endeavour. When they came to their Inn at night, the gentleman called to his servant to know if he had passed off the guinea? Yes, Sir, says the man, I did it fully; Aye? Tom, says the master, I fancy thou art a fly
fort

sort of a fellow ; but tell me how ? “ Why, Sir, says the footman ; the people refused him at breakfast, and so they did where your honour dined ; but as I had a groat to pay at the turnpike. I whipped him in between the halfpence, and the man put it in his pocket and never saw it,”

On the revival of Shakespear's *Twelfth Night*, the piece received little applause till the following lines were delivered :

——— She never told her love ;
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Prey on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought ;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief ———

Here the whole theatre burst into applause ; but a gentleman from Oxford was observed to stand up and clap after all the rest had done ; upon which a nobleman in one of the boxes called aloud to know what he meant by that sort of behaviour. “ Why, you clapped the piece, my lord, (says the Oxonian,) and I clap the audience for discovering so much true taste and judgement.”

Mr. Jokish and Mr. Jackson, two tradesmen in London, went to West-Chester fair, to lay a little money out ; and being there one night, the chamberlain of the Inn where they lodged, happened to conduct them through an apartment where there were two men in bed together. Mr. Jokish observed that one of them was so plaguy long shanked that his legs were half way out at the feet of the bed ; which he no sooner saw than he conceived a mighty desire to have a little humour with them. And as soon as they came into the next room where they were to lie, he says to the chamberlain, you may now leave us, and we'll take care of the candle ourselves. So when the chamberlain was retired, he acquainted his bedfellow with his design. Did you observe (says he) the man in the next room, with his legs half a yard out at the feet of the bed ? Yes, replied Jackson ; and what then ? If you'll hold the candle just at the door, answered Jokish, and light me, and take it away at my signal, I'll shew you some diversion. With all my heart ! replies Jackson. So they both of them pulled off their slippers, to prevent making a noise. And as soon as Jokish came into the room

where

where the two men lay, he 'spies by the bedside a pair of spurs; one of which he takes up, and gently puts it upon the man's naked foot that hung so far out of bed; and as soon as he had buckled it fast, he bekcons his friend Jackson to take away the candle, and shut the door; and then he gives Teague (for it happened to be an Irishman) a good hard pinch upon the same foot that he had put the spur upon.

The Irishman, at this, began to growl confoundedly; and hauling up his feet into the bed (though not awake) he scratched his bedfellows legs sadly with the spur; who being a Scotchman, roars out in a devilish passion. "De'el damn you, Sir, gen ye'se not gang out of the bed, and cut your toe nails, by St. Andrew! I'se throw ye oot o'th' window!" The Irishman ~~being~~ yet asleep, and not in the least sensible of what had passed, soon after thrust down his legs as they were before. Then Jokish gave him t'other pinch by the toe, and up the Irishman hauls his feet again, and scratched the Scotchman's legs as before; at which the Scotchman began to pommel the Irishman heartily. Presently after, the Irishman rolling his feet about the bed, struck the rowel of his spur into his own leg, which thoroughly awaked him. At this, he with some surprise putting down his hand to feel what was the matter with his foot, cried out, in a very great passion. "Arrah, the devil have him, the no'tler of dith Inn ith a very great rascal! for, by St. Patrick, he has pulled off both my boots, and like a damned rogue, has left one of my spurs on."

A gentlewoman, who had two gailants, growing big with child, the question was put, who should be the father? when one of them who had a wooden leg, offered to decide it thus; "If the child comes into the world with a wooden leg; I will father it; if not, it shall be yours."

A gentleman sent for his carpenter's servant, to knock a nail or two in his study; after the fellow had done, he scratched his ears, and said, he hoped the gentleman would give him something to make him drink. Make you drink! says the gentleman: There's a pickled herring for you; if that won't make you drink, I'll give you another.

A certain lady finding her husband somewhat too familiar with her chambermaid, turned her away, saying, hussy, I have

have no occasion for such fluts as you; I hired you to do your own business, not mine.

An officer in the customs at the port of Liverpool, running carelessly along the ship's gunnel, tip'd overboard, and was drowned. Being soon taken up, the coroner's jury was summoned to sit upon the body. One of the jurymen returning home, was called to by an alderman of the town, and asked what verdict they brought in, and whether they found *Felo de se*? Ay, ay, says the jurymen, shaking his noddle, "he fell into the sea sure enough.

Sir William D'Avenant the poet, who had no nose, going along the Mews one day, a beggar woman followed him, saying, God preserve your eye-sight. Why, good woman, says he, dost thou pray so much for my eye sight? Ah! dear Sir, (answered the woman,) if it please God you grow dim-sighted, you have no place to hang your spectacles on.

A charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, caused a causeway to be begun; and as he was one day overlooking the workmen, a certain nobleman passing by, said, "Well, doctor, for all your pains and charity, I don't take this to be the high Way to Heaven." Very true, replied the doctor; for if it had, I should have wondered to meet your lordship here.

A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the master, a grave man, came to expostulate with him about it. Sir, said he, I wonder you could do so. Pr'ythee, where is the wonder? (says the other;) if she had got me with child, you might have wondered indeed.

Some gentlemen, coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link-boy cried, Have a light, gentlemen? Light yourself to the devil, you dog, says one of the company. Bless you, master, (replied the boy,) I can find the way in the dark. Shall I light your worship thither?

My Lord C——— looking out of his window. among a number of creditors waiting about his door, he observing one fellow to look more melancholy than the rest, sent for him in, and very gravely asked him the cause? Why, really, Sir, my debt has been long due. 'Tis very true, says my lord, but I have a friendship for thee, and therefore would advise you to go home and mind your trade,
and

and not stand idling here, for I never shall pay thee; but as for those lazy dogs, pointing to the others, let 'em wait on.

Sir Godfrey Kneller the painter, and the late Dr. Ratcliff, had a garden in common, but with one gate; which Sir Godfrey, upon some occasion ordered to be nailed up. When the doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir Godfrey; "Well, replied he, I can take that, or any thing but physic, from my good friend Dr. Ratcliff.

A facetious Canon of Windsor, taking his evening walk as usual into the town, met one of the vicars at the castle-gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous port. So, says the Canon, from whence came you? I don't know, Mr. Canon, replies the vicar; I have been spinning out this afternoon with a few friends. Ay, and now, (says the Canon,) you are reeling it home.

An Irish officer in Minorca was found by a gentleman, who came to visit him in a morning, a little ruffled, and being asked the reason, he replied, that he had lost a pair of fine black silk stockings out of his room, that cost him eighteen shillings; but he hoped he should get them again, for he had ordered them to be cried, with a reward of half a crown for the person who brought them. His friend observing, that this was too poor a recompence for such a pair of silk stockings: Phoh, man, replied he, I directed the crier to say they were worstead.

When Mr. Powel the celebrated fire-eater, came first to London, a gentleman in the green-room at Covent Garden house said, on reading the advertisement, 'twas pity he had not come sooner, to have prevented the mischief done in Cornhill; for by the account he had given of himself he would have eat that fire up presently. And while they were disputing about the man's abilities, "Sir, says Mr. Quin, I look upon him to be the greatest man in the world, for he is in no fear of fire, and he may bid the devil kiss his a—e.

A countryman passing by the watch in the city, they stopped him — he told 'em he was in haste, but asked 'em who they watched for? They said, for the king, (meaning the king's watch.) For the king! says he, then by my troth I can bring very good witnesses, that I am no such man; for

I've even Johnny Thump of Yorkshire, and have been of an errand for my master,

Pope having been lighted home by a link-boy, offered to give him somewhat less than he expected, upon which he demanded more; Pope protested, that he had no more half-pence left; repeating a term familiar to him, when a little vexed, God mend me! The boy finding that nothing was to be got, went away muttering loud enough to be heard, "God mend me! God mend me! quotha: Five hundred such as I might be made, before one such a crooked son of a bitch as you could be mended!" Pope, on this called him back, and gave him half a crown as a reward for his wit.

A great personage riding out one morning on Richmond-Hill, being struck with the situation, neatness, and elegance of the late Mr. Blanchard's house, asked whose it was? Being told it belonged to a card-maker, "Why, (says his M—y, with some surprize,) one would think all this man's cards had turned up trumps."

There was a poor young woman who had brought herself even to death's door with grief for her sick husband, but the good man her father did all he could to comfort her. Come, child, (says he,) we are all mortal. Pluck up a good heart, my child; for let the worst come to the worst, I have a better husband in store for thee. Alas, Sir, (says she,) what d'ye talk of another husband for? Why, you had as good have stuck a dagger to my heart. No, no; if ever I think of another husband, may——! Without any more ado, the man dies, and the woman, immediately, breaks out into such transports of tearing her hair, and beating her breast, that every body thought she'd have run stark-mad upon it. But, upon second thoughts, she wipes her eyes, lifts them up, and cries, Heaven's Will be done! and turning to her father, "Pray, Sir, (says she,) about t'other husband you were speaking of, is he here in the house?"

One having a scolding wife, swore he would drown himself: he followed him, desiring him to forbear, at least to let her speak with him; Speak quickly then, says he. "Pray, husband if you will needs drown yourself, pray take me along, to go into a very deep place, for it will grieve my heart to see you long a dying."

A very fine lady, who had the gout. asked Dr. M—— what was the occasion of the gout? Whoring and drinking, madam, says he.

An actress, belonging to Drury-Lane theatre, somewhat vain of her singing, was tuning her pipes in the green room, whilst an actor, remarkable for his strength in expression, sat in a pensive posture, with a chew of tobacco in his mouth. Mr. Gravity, says the lady, don't you think I sing like Signora, &c. Rot me, madam, if I was thinking about you, quoth he. Why, how now, saucy box, says she, 'tis not long since I saw you act the part of Timethy Rag, in your own cloaths, and the whole house observed you was well dressed for the part. "Madam, says the actor, if spitting upon you was not taking notice of you, I would do it."

A good humour'd wife, abusing her husband on his mercenary disposition, told him, that if she was dead, he would marry the devil's eldest daughter, if he could get any thing by it. That's true, replied the husband, but the worst of it is one can't marry two sisters.

A gentleman riding through a river, which he supposed deep, bid his servant go before. But he to shew his politeness, replied, "I will never be guilty of so much ill manners, pray Sir do you cross over first."

When the first Mr. Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, and the most considerable man among the quakers, went to court to pay his respects to Charles the second, that merry monarch, observing the quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat, and stood uncovered before Penn; who said, Prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat. No, says the king, friend Penn, it is usual for only one man to be covered here.

A footman who had married a shrew to his wife, told his master he had married an heiress; the gentleman expecting to hear the lady was some great catch, and of a noble family, enquiring further about her, was told by his man John, that the devil had only one daughter, and he had married her.

Young 'squire Booby, just come from his first term at university, was willing to give his parents a specimen of his improvements there. Father, says he, I can chop logic. Ay, says his father, how is that, Tom? Why, says Tom, here de zee, father, are a couple of fowls at table, I can prove

they are three fowls—How's that? quoth the father. Why, there's one, says Tom, and there's two, pointing to the dish, and don't one and two make three, father? Well, dame, says the father, Tom's a conjuror; you take one fowl, and I'll eat 'tother, and let Tom have the third for his logic.

An Italian was accused of marrying five wives, and being carried before the justice, he was asked why he had married so many? He answered, in order to meet with a good one if possible.

One who was grown rich of a sudden, from a very mean and beggarly condition, and began to take great state upon him, was met one day by a poor acquaintance, who accosted him in a very humble manner, but being taken no notice of, cried out, "Nay it is no great wonder you should not know me, when you have forgot yourself."

An English gentleman ask'd Sir Richard Steel, who was an Irishman, what was the reason his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering and making bulls? "Faith! says the knight, I believe there is something in the air of Ireland; and, I dare say if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.

The lord Jefferies pleading at the bar, before he was made a judge; a country fellow giving evidence against his client, push'd the matter very strongly; Jefferies, after his usual way, called out to the fellow, Harkee, you fellow in the leather doublet! what have you for swearing? To which the countryman replied, "Faith, Sir, if you had no more for lying, than I have for swearing, you might e'en wear a leather doublet too."

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really Inch, who had taken the name of Linch. "I see, said the judge, the old proverb is verified in this man, who, being allowed an Inch, has taken an L."

A sharper was telling his friends at Tunbridge, that he had brought a young baronet out of the country, whose merit he extoll'd prodigiously, and at last added, he is a very honest man. He is to be pitied for that, says Tom Brown: What for being an honest man? (says the other,) "No, answered Tom. but being an honest man, he is to be pitied for being gri in your company."

A gentleman once told Beau Nash, that he was both the butt and the fool of the company. No, Sir, says Nash, I am the butt, and you——What? says the gentleman——“You are to supply the deficiency, says Nash.”

Tom Brown, being asked by a lady, who was the most unhappy of all men? answered, “He who thinks himself so.”

An arch boy being at a table where there was a piping hot apple-pie, putting a bit into his mouth, burnt it so, that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that sat by, ask'd him, Why he wept? Only, said he, because it is just come into my remembrance, that my poor grandmother died this day twelvemonth. Phoo! says the other, is that all? So, whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly sympathized with the boy; who seeing his eyes brim-full, with a malicious sneer ask'd him, Why he wept? A pox on you, said he, because you were not hanged, you young dog, the same day your grandmother died.

A man being asked by his neighbour, how his sick wife did, made this answer: Indeed, neighbour, the case is pitiful, my wife fears she shall die, and I fear she will not die, which makes a most disconsolate house.

One crossing a king in his hunting, he rides after him with his sword drawn. Pray, Sir, says he, do not knight me before my eldest brother is dead, for I am but a younger brother! which turned the king's fury off in a laughing humour.

A mistress of a boarding school at Chelsea, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her scholars with some faults, the young lady denied it, but coloured at the accusation. Nay, says the mistress, I am sure it must be true, for you blush. “Pardon me, madam, (said she) it is only the reflection of your face.”

Two servants discoursing over a pot of ale, of their master's hospitality, one said, his master kept a very noble Christmas this year, for he killed an ox every day; Tush, said the other, my master killed an ox and a half.

The late Beau Nash often played tricks with others; and, upon certain occasions, received very severe retaliations. Being at York races, and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, upon

this proviso, that he would stand at the great door of the Munster in a blanket, as the people were coming out of the church. To this proposal he readily agreed; but the Dean coming by, unfortunately knew him: "What, says the doctor, Mr. Nash in masquerade?" "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company, quoth Nash," pointing to his companions.

A justice of peace who was strongly possessed with the itch of scribbling, and had published a book on various subjects, sent it by his amanuensis as a present to Ben Johnson, who received it very thankfully; But afterwards dipping into it, and finding it full of faults, he returned it with his complaints and desired his worship would commit it to the house of correction.

One of the bloods of Cambridge, one day in the grove attacked some ladies, and asking one of them who was crooked, from whence she came? She replied, "Strait from London." Indeed madam, said he, then you must have been confoundedly warpt by the way.

Doctor Cheyne once, when Nash was ill, drew up a prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, found him up and well; upon which he asked, if he had followed his prescription? "Followed your prescription! (cried Nash,) No—Egad, if I had, I should have broke my neck; for I flung it out of the two-pair of stairs window."

A young lady who was just come out of the country, and affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as Nash and some of his companions were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said. "There's a smart country girl, I will have some discourse with her. Then going up to the lady, So, Child, says he, you are just come to Bath, I see. "Yes, Sir," answered the lady. And you have been a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope. "Yes Sir." Pray now, says he, let me examine you! I know you have read your bible, and the history of Tobit and his dog; now can you tell me, what was the dog's name? "Yes, Sir, (says she,) his name was Nash, and an impudent dog he was."

One Hog was to be tried before judge Bacon, who told him he was his kinsman; says he, "No Hog can be Bacon

con till he is hang'd, and then I'll allow you to be my kinsman."

Sir Thomas Long, a gentleman possessed of a remarkable long nose, happened to sit at table opposite a lady who wanted something that was out of her reach, and looking full in Sir Thomas's face, said she should be much obliged to him, if he would make a long nose and reach her the salt.

A gentleman having some company to dinner, one of them cried out, Lord bless me, I've forgot my laced waistcoat! The master of the house, told him there was no need of any apology, for he was very well dressed. "You mistake me, replied the guest. I don't mean a gold laced waistcoat, but my waistcoat with a lace behind."

Counsellor Dunning who had got a trick of hemming several times in the course of a speech, once upon a trial concerning a broken winded horse, told a coachman that he did not know what broken was. Yes, but I do, says the man, for he cries a-hem, hem, just as you do.

A well known person of an odd turn of humour, riding on horseback near Bath, happened to meet another equally odd, in a lane so narrow that neither could pass without one gave way, which neither would do. Both made a halt, and not a single word was spoken, till the first mentioned deliberately pulled a newspaper out of his pocket, and began reading it to himself, with the utmost composure, when the other, determined to shew an equal degree of patience and obstinacy, leisurely took a pinch of snuff, and very gravely accosted him, "Sir, when you have done with the paper I should be glad to look at it," which so pleased the humourist, that he immediately pull'd off his spectacles, and seiz'd him by the hand, declaring at the same time, that he should go home and dine with him.

A lady was saying she had overthrown her adversary; at which one of her servants said, "Aye, madam, he took a wrong sow by the ear when he meddled with your ladyship."

Two Irishmen having travelled on foot from Chester to Barnet, were confoundedly tired and fatigued with their journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten miles to London. By my shoul and St. Patrick, (cries one of them,) it is about five miles a-piece, let's e'en walk on.

A good woman having drank too large a morning's draught, fell asleep in the church, and at length began to snore; upon which one jogged her. Says she, pray give the cup to my gossip Joan, for I can drink no more.

An Irishman being at a tavern where the cook was dressing some carp, observ'd some of them move after they were gutted and put into the pan; which much surpris'd Teague, (said he.) Now of all the Christian creatures I ever saw, this same carp will live the longest after it is dead, of any fish."

A young gentlewoman married to a very wild spark, who had made away with a plentiful estate, and was reduced to some straits, said very innocently to him one day, My dear, I want some shifts sadly. "Zounds, madam, (replied he, (how can that be, when we make so many every day?")

Two inseparable companions of the guards in Flanders, had every thing in common between them; one was very extravagant, and unfit to be trusted with money; hereupon the other was always purse-bearer, which he sav'd but little by; for the former wou'd often pick his pocket in the night, to the last stiver. To prevent this he bethought himself of a stratagem, and coming the next day among his companions, bragg'd how he had bit his comrade. Ay, how? said they. "Why, (replied he,) I hid my money in his own pocket last night; and I am sure he will never look for it the e."

In queen Anne's reign, the lord B — married three wives, who were all his servants. A beggarwoman meeting him one day in the street, made a very low curtsy. "Ah, God Almighty bless you, (said she,) and send you a long life, if you do but live long enough. we shall all be ladies in time."

King Charles II. being in company with lord Rochester and other nobles, who had been drinking best part of the night, Killigrew came in. Now, says the king, now we shall hear of our faults. "No, faith! says Killigrew, I don't care to trouble myself with that which all the town talks of."

We commonly say, second thoughts are best; and young women, who pretend to be averse to marriage, desire not to be taken at their words. One ask'd a girl, if she would have him?

him? "Faith, no John, (says she,) but you may have me if you will."

A Butcher in Smithfield, lying at the point of death, said to his wife, my dear, I am not long for this world, therefore advise you to marry your man John; he's a lusty strong fellow, fit for your business. "O dear, husband! (said she) never let that trouble you, for John and I have agreed upon the matter already."

Some men and their wives, who all liv'd on the same side of a street, being merry making at a neighbour's house; said one of the husband's, it's reported that all the men in our row are cuckolds, but one. Soon after, his wife being thoughtful. What makes you sad, my dear? said he, I hope you are not offended at what I said. No, (said she) I'm only considering who that one can be.

A woman prosecuted a gentleman for a rape; upon trial the judge ask'd her, if she made any resistance? I cried out and please your lordship, said the woman. "Aye, (said one of the witnesses,) but that was nine months after."

An Oxford Vintner, complaining to his man that there were no bottles left, though he had lain in a large stock very lately. No wonder, says the fellow, for all those that were measure you broke, and all that were not measure the scholars have broke.

A country 'squire asked a merry andrew, why he play'd the fool? "For the same reason, (says he,) as you do; out of want: You do it for want of wit, I for want of money."

A gentleman in the country, whose wife had the misfortune to hang herself on an apple tree, a neighbour came in, and begg'd he would give him a scion of that tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own orchard, "For who knows, (said he) but it may bear the same fruit."

A noble duke, who stammer'd so much, that he was oblig'd to have a servant stand by him to repeat what he said, ask'd a clergyman at his table, by way of joke, if he knew what was the reason that Balaam's ass spoke? The clergyman not understanding him, the servant repeated what his grace had said; to which the parson pleasantly answer'd, that Balaam stutter'd, and his ass spoke for him.

The same noble duke ask'd a clergyman once at the bottom of his table, why the goose, if there was one, was always

ways plac'd next to the parson? "Really, (said he,) I can give no reason for it; but the question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose for the future without thinking of your lordship."

A countryman sowing his field, and two smart fellows riding by, one of 'em call'd to him with an insolent air; "Well, honest countryman, it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To which the farmer replied. "It is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing hemp."

A country squire being in company with his mistress, and wanting his servant, cried out, where is my blockhead? "Upon your shoulders," answered the lady.

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being ask'd where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concern'd in a conspiracy; resolutely answer'd I have hid him. This frank confession drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but discovering where her lord was concealed could save her from torture. And will that do, Sir? says the lady. Yes, replied the king, I have given my word for it. "Then, (says she,) I have hid him in my heart, there you'll find him." Which surprising answer charmed her enemies, and turned the king's resentment.

A person having two very wicked sons, one of whom robbed him of his money, the other of his goods; his neighbours came in to condole his misfortune, when one of them told him. "He might sue the hundred for his loss, as he had been robbed between Son and Son."

The old lord Stamford taking a bottle with the parson of the parish, was commending his own wine. Here, doctor, said he, I can send a couple of ho—ho—ho—hounds to Fra—Fra—France, (for his lordship had a great impediment in his speech) and have a ho—ho—hoghead of wine for 'em. What do you say to that, doctor? "Why, my lord, (replies the doctor,) I think your lordship has your wine dog cheap."

A dyer in a court of justice being ordered to hold up his hand, which was all black; Take off your glove, friend, said the judge to him. "Put on your spectacles, my lord," answered the dyer.

A lady of quality in king Charles's time gave into a very free indulgence of pleasures, even to a vicious degree; so that a very worthy clergyman admonished her to a change of conduct, urging the vanity of all human things, as set forth by Solomon. In answer to which, she angrily replied, Don't tell me of Solomon; Solomon never said they were vanity until he had tried them all, and even so will I, and then will give you my opinion of them. Upon hearing which, king Charles merrily observed, "That the lady seemed to be led more by Sense than Faith."

The corporation of Bath, in honour to Mr. Nash, placed a full length statue of him in the pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope; upon which occasion the earl of Chesterfield wrote the following severe and witty Epigram.

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
Severer on mankind.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the satire strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length.

An intimate friend of Beau Nash's having greatly hurt his constitution by irregularities, and particularly by drinking and late hours. Nash cautioned him to leave off his irregular conduct in time, and above all, to avoid excessive drinking and sitting up late. The gentleman took his advice very kindly, and observed it pretty well; but it happened one night, that the company were more than ordinarily agreeable, and when it grew late, Nash got up to go, and jogged his friend for that purpose. Upon which the gentleman said, Faith, Nash, I have observed your lesson a good while, but the company is now so agreeable, that my resolution is quite gone, and I must stay. "I ask your pardon, Sir, (replied Nash,) I am sure, if your resolution is gone, it is time for you to go too?" and so hurried him off.

A Catabrigian being arrived in town, went to a tavern in Fleet-street, in order to send for a friend and sup; but
being

being very thirsty when he came in, he bid the waiter fetch him "a little Porter," immediately; upon which the lad ran to the Temple, and presently returned, introducing a little man, a ticket porter, telling the gentleman, he was the "least Porter," he could meet with.

One ask'd his friend, why he, so proper a man himself, marry'd so small a wife? "Why, (said he,) I thought you had known, that of all evils we should chuse the least."

A young gentleman, who had an inclination to get upon the stage, applied to Mr. Rich, who desired him to speak some lines of tragedy, in the famous soliloquy of Hamlet. The gentleman began in a very disagreeable manner. "To be, or not to be, that is the question."—Not to be, (says Rich,) and so left him to rant by himself.

A soldier was bragging before Julius Cæsar, of the wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar knowing him to be a coward, said, "he had best take heed, the next time he ran away, how he look'd back."

A young lady having been lately married, on seeing her husband about to rise pretty early in the morning, said, What, my dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself. "No, my dear, replied, (replied the husband) I'll get up and rest myself."

A gentleman calling for some small beer at a friend's table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the servant, without drinking. What! said the master of the house, don't you like the beer? it is not to be found fault with. "No, answer'd the other, we shou'd never speak ill of the dead."

A templar went at Christmas into Yorkshire, and took some other templars along with him, and upon one of the holidays he would have them to an ale-house hard by, where the woman was deaf; so coming thither, O, my young master, says she, I have not seen you these seven years: Then he thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying here's to thee, and to all the whore's, rogues, and bawds in England. She seeing his lips go, and could not hear him, said, come, Sir, I will pledge you, for I know you drank to your father and mother, and those good gentlewomen your sisters.

A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? Who answered, "Because there was an hole on the other side."

A poet going over Lincoln's-Inn Fields, one who pretended himself a maimed soldier, begged an alms of him. The poet ask'd him by what authority he went a begging? Sir, said the soldier, I have a licence: "A licence!" (said the poet) "lice I conceive thou may'st have, but Sense thou hast none, to beg money of a poet."

In Bourdeaux, a gentleman being in his vineyard, saw some hogs there, and in a great passion swore they belonged to some cuckold, cuckold-maker, rogue, villain, or rascal, and bid his man go and turn them out. His man hearing what his master said, returned, crying, Hold, Sir, hold, the hogs are your own. The devil they are, (said he) so much the better, I cannot help what I said, for it is many an honest man's case.

Two Welchmen at an inn had a dozen of eggs for breakfast; and after they had paid, and gone a mile out of town, one said to the other, he was glad he was there, for hur did sheat her landlord this morning, for in hur shix eggs, which hur had, hur had two shickens, and hur paid never a varding for them.

One who was formerly in good circumstances, but had squandered away his estate, and had left himself no more necessities than a sorry bed, a little table, a few broken chairs, and other such lumber; seeing a gang of thieves endeavouring to break into his house one night, he bawled out to them; "Are you not a damn'd pack of fools, to think to find any thing here in the dark, when I can find nothing by day light."

Two ladies just return'd from Bath, were telling a gentleman how well they lik'd the place, and how it agreed with them; the first had been very ill, and receiv'd great benefit from the waters; But pray, madam, what did you go for? said he to the second. "Mere wantonness," replied she; "And, pray madam, did it cure you?"

A youth standing by while his father was at play, and observing him to lose a good deal of money, burst out in tears; his father ask'd the reason why he wept, "Oh, Sir, said he, I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he was told that his father Philip had conquered a great many towns, cities, and countries, fearing he would leave him nothing to

win; but I wept for fear you should leave me nothing to lose."

Beau Nash was one evening employed in collecting money to the Bath hospital; a lady entered, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity, and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket." Yes, madam, says he, that I will with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop; then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, one, two, three, four, five. "Hold, hold, (says the duchess) consider what you are about." Consider your rank and fortune, madam, (says Nash) and continued telling six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Here the duchess called again, and seemed angry. Pray compose yourself, madam, cry'd Nash, and don't interrupt the work of charity; eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Here the duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. Peace, madam, says Nash; you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam, and upon the front of the building, madam; sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. "I won't pay a farthing more, says the duchess." Charity hides a multitude of sins, replies Nash; twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five. "Nash, says she, I protest you frighten me out of my wits. L—d, I shall die!" Madam you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be better for you, answered Nash, and was about to proceed; but perceiving her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued; when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her grace for thirty guineas. The duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him, "stand farther, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him." But her grace afterwards, having a run of good luck, called Nash to her; "Come, says she, I will be friends with you, tho' you are a fool; and to let you see I am not angry, there are ten more guineas for your charity."

A drunken fellow having made away with all his goods, except his feather bed, was at length obliged to part with that too; for which being reproved by some friends, "Phoo, (said

(said he) I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my bed?"

In a cause tried at the King's Bench, a witness was produced who had a very red nose, and one of the counsel, who had a good stock of assurance, being desirous to put him out of countenance, called out to him after he was sworn. Well let's hear what you have to say with your copper nose. "Why, Sir, said he, by the oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper Nose for your Brazen Face."

A droll fellow who had a wooden leg, being in company with one who was somewhat soft and credulous, the latter ask'd the former how he came to have a wooden leg? Why, (says the fellow) my father had one, and my grandfather before him; it runs in the blood."

A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surprised to find that he punctually paid him; the same person being soon after desirous of borrowing a larger sum, "No, said the other, you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it a second time."

King Charles II. coming through Shoreditch, from Newmarket, observed a wall lately made of horns there, which is common in the road, and bid lord Rochester, who was with him in the coach to take notice of it. "Ay, Sir, said he, the citizens have been laying their heads together to mend the way against your majesty came by."

A scholar declaiming in a college hall, having a bad memory, was at a stand, and, in a low voice, desired one who stood close by him to help him out. "No, says the other, methinks you are out enough already."

A great lord, who had run himself over head and ears in debt, and seeming quite easy about the matter, was ask'd, one day by a friend, how he could sleep so well, when he was so much in debt? "For my part, replied my lord, I sleep very well! but I wonder how my creditors can!"

A schoolmaster ask'd one of his boys in a sharp winter morning, what was Latin for cold? The boy hesitating a little, the master said, What, sirrah, can't you tell? Yes, Sir, says the boy, I have it at my fingers ends.

Mr. Pope, being at dinner with a noble duke, had his own servant in livery waiting upon him; the duke ask'd

why he, that eat mostly at other people's tables, would be such a fool, as to keep a fellow in livery only to laugh at him? "'Tis true, answer'd the poet, I keep but one to laugh at me, but your grace has the honour to keep a dozen."

A lord, endeavouring to persuade one of his dependants to marry his cast-off mistress, said, tho' she had been used a little, when she had got a good husband, she might turn; Ay, but, my lord, replied the other, she has been so much used, that I am afraid she is not worth turning.

Ben Johnson, being one night at the Devil Tavern, there was a country gentleman in the company, who interrupted all their discourses with an account of his lands and tenements; at last Ben, unable to bear with it any longer, said, What signifies your dirt and your clods to us? where you have one acre of land, I have ten acres of wit, Have you so, replied the countryman, "good Mr. Wileacre?" This unexpected repartee from the clown struck Ben mute for some time: Why, how now, Ben? says one of the company, you seem to be quite stung? "Why, I never was so prick'd by a hobnail before," said he.

A droll fellow who got a livelihood by fiddling at fairs and about the country, was one day met by an acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus, "Bless me! what! are you alive?" Why not? answered the fidler; did you send any body to kill me? "No, replies the other, but I was told you was dead." "Ay, so it was reported, it seems, says the fidler, but I knew it was a lie as soon as I heard it."

In a company of merry companions over a chearful bowl, when different toasts were going round, a gentl man, whose name was Brown, toasted an absent lady, which he had done for many years, tho' he never had the courage to speak to her; upon which one who sat next to him, said, "I believe, Sir, you have toasted that lady these seven years at least, and 'tis surprising she is not Brown yet."

A Methodist Sermon. By George Alexander Stevens.

Brethren! Brethren! Brethren! The word Brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all breathe therein.

in—If you are drowsy, I'll rouse you; I'll beat a Tat-too upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the Devil about like a Whirl-a-gig among you.—Even as the cat upon the top of the house doth squall; even so from the top of my voice will I bawl, and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye; and the sweet words that I shall utter—and the sweet words that I shall utter, shall sugar-candy over your souls, and make carraway comfits of your consciences.—Do you know how many taylor's make a man?—Why nine.—Nine taylor's make a man.—And how many make half a man? Why four journeymen and a 'prentice.—Even so have you all been bound 'prentice to Miss Fortune the Fashion-maker; and now you are out of your times, you are set up for yourselves.—My great bowels, and my small guts groan for you. I have got the gripe of compassion, and the belly-ach of pity.—Give me a dram! Give me a dram.—Do give me a dram.—A dram of patience I mean, while I explain unto you, what reformation, and what abomination mean; which the worldly wicked have mixed together like potatoes and butter milk, and therewith made a sinful stir-about. Reformation is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter; and abomination—is like the dregs at the bottom of a tap-tub.—Have you carried your consciences to the scowerers? Have you bought any Fuller's-earth at my shop to take the stains out?—You say, Yes, you have, you have, you have, you have: But I say, No; you lie! you lie! you lie!—I am no velvet-mouth preacher; I scorn your lawn sleeves.—You are all full of filth; ye must be parboil'd; yea; ye must be boil'd down in your tabernacle to make portable soup, for the saints to sup a ladleful of; and then the scum, and the scaldings of your iniquities will boil over; and that is called the kitchen-stuff of your consciences, that serve to grease the cart wheels that carry us over the Devil's ditch; and the Devil's gap. The Devil's ditch; that's among the Jockey's at New-market; and the Devil's gap; that's among the other Jockeys, the lawyer's at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. And then there is the Devil among the taylor's, and the Devil among the players; the players that play the Devil to pay.—The play-house is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon the tenterhooks of temptation.—Tragedy is the blank verse
of

of Belzebub;—Comedy is his hasty pudding; and Pantomime is the Devil's country dance.— And yet you'll pay the players for seeing plays; yes, yes, but you won't pay me: No, no; till Beelzebub's bumbailiffs lay hold of you; and then you think I will pay your garnish: But I won't. No; you shall lay on the common side of the world; like a Toad-in-a-Hole, that is bak'd for the Devil's dinner.— Do put some money in the plate, Put some money in the plate; and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away; even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back; and you shall be cleansed from all your sins, as easily as the barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,
 Or I, your preacher, cannot eat;
 And 'tis with grief of heart I tell you,
 How much this preaching scours the belly;
 How pinching to the human tripe
 Is pity's Belly-ach, and gripe;
 But that Religion (lovely maid)
 Keep's a cook's shop to feed the trade.

CROSS-READING the Newspaper.

YESTERDAY Dr. Jones preached at St. James's,
 and performed it with ease in less than sixteen minutes.

The sword of state was carried——
 before Sir John Fielding, and committed to Newgate.

Last night the princess royal was baptized;
 Mary, alias Moll Hacker, alias Black Moll.

This morning the Right Hon. the speaker——
 was convicted of keeping a disorderly house,

This day his majesty will go in state to
 fifteen notorious common prostitutes

Their R. H. the dukes of York and Gloucester
 were bound over for their good behaviour.

At noon her R. H. the princess dowager was
 married to Mr. Jenkins, an eminent taylor.

Several changes are talk'd of at court;

some for the trials, Rob-majors.

Friday a poor blind man fell into a saw-pit,
to which he was conducted by Sir Clement Cottrel.

'Tis said that a great opposition is intended :

——— Pray stop it, and the party ———

Last night a most terrible fire broke out,
and the evening concluded with the most festivity.

An indictment for murder is preferred against
the worshipful company of apothecaries.

The free-masons will hold their annual grand lodge.
N. B. The utmost secrecy may be depended on.

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of eighty pounds
was carried before the sitting alderman.

A number of 5s. 3d. pieces are now coining,
to be sold to the poor at 5s. a bushel.

Escaped from the New Goal, Terence O'Dermot,
if he will return, he will be kindly received.

By the king's patent, British herb tobacco,
cureth smoaky chimneys. No cure, no pay.

To be disposed of, greatly under prime cost,
nothing under full price will be taken.

The creditors of Mary Jones are desired to meet——
I will pay no debts of her contracting.

Any lady desirous of lying-in privately,
will be delivered at any part of the town.

Wanted an housekeeper to an elderly gentleman,
warranted sound, wind and limb, and free from blemish.

Wanted, to take care of an elderly gentlewoman,
an active young man, just come out of the country.

To be lett, and entered upon immediately,
a young woman, that will put her hand to any thing.

Ready to sail for the West Indies,
the Canterbury flying machine, in one day.

To be sold to the best bidder,
my seat in parliament, being vacated.

The Turk's Head bagnio is now opened,
where may be had, price 15s, in sheets.

Yesterday a quantity of new guineas were issued at the tower,
let none doubt of the efficacy of this medicine.

At the above office may be had shares of tickets and chances,
if there be any yet afflicted with this disease.

We are assured that Lord T—e will accept of a place;
it operates as an alterative, and produces a wonderful change.

Aged 76, was married to a young girl of eighteen;
the reason of his committing this rash action is not known.

Yesterday a large flock of geese and turkeys——
was committed to the poultry compter for farther examination.

We hear that Mr. Wilkes is writing an history of England
he was convicted of the like offence at the assizes in 1763.

His house was burglariously broke open and robbed,
by virtue of a warrant under the great seal. —

Yesterday ended the sessions at the Old Bailey,
oft the utmost use in peopling our new colonies.

To the curious in bacon——
he was reckoned the fattest man in England, next to Mr.
Bright.

Yesterday on the parade a soldier received 500 lashes;
apply as above, and you shall have the same reward.

Lost or mislaid by carelessness——
an opportunity of getting 20 per cent.

On Sunday next a charity sermon will be preached——
and great quantities of beer given to the populace,

Eloped from her husband, Mary the wife of Simon——
A light dun, with a black mane and tail.

My daughter is effectually cured by the use of——
Sermons for young women, in 2 vols. duodecimo.

Whereas it often happens that people are in want of money,
500l. are ready to be given to any lady or gentleman,

Miss Trusser continues to make the rich feed cakes——
for preventing the decays of age, and lengthening human life.

Genteel places in any of the public offices ———
so much admired by the nobility and gentry.

The COUNTRY POST.

From Thursday Aug. the 8th, to Saturday Aug. the 10th.

From the Hen-Roost, August the 1st.

TWO days ago we were put in a dreadful consternation, by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to fall upon us; he made several motions as if he designed to attack our left wing, which covered our infantry. We were alarmed at his approach, and, upon a general muster of all our forces, the kitchen maid came to our relief; but we were soon convinced that she had betrayed us, and was in the interest of the kite aforesaid; for she had twisted off two of our companions necks, and stripped them naked; five of us were also clapped in a close prison, in order to be sold for slaves the next market-day.

P. S. The black hen was last night safely delivered of seven young ducks.

From the Garden, August the 3d.

The boars have done much mischief of late in these parts, to such a degree, that not a turnip or carrot can lie safe in their beds. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks, to have their noses bored, and rings thrust through them, as a mark of infamy for such practices.

From the Great Pond, August the 3d.

Yesterday a large sail of ducks passed by here, after a small resistance from two little boys, who flung stones at them; they landed near the barn-door, where they foraged with very good success: While they were upon this enterprize, an old turkey cock attacked a maid in a red petticoat, and she retired with great precipitation. This afternoon being somewhat rainy they set sail again, and took several frogs. Just

now

now arriv'd the parson's wife; and twenty ducks were brought forth before her, in order to be tried, but for what crime we know not; however, two of them were condemned; it was also observed, that she carried off a gosling and three sucking pigs.

From the little Fort at the End of the Garden, Aug. the 4th.

Last night two young men of this place made a detachment of their breeches, in order, as it is thought to possess themselves of the two overtures of the said fort; but at their approach they heard great firing from the port holes; they found them already bombarded by the rear guard of Sarah and Sukey, who fearing these young men were come to beat up their quarters, deserted their necessary posts, which were immediately taken possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoyed by reason of several stink pots that had been flung there the same morning.

[From the Barley Mow, near the Barn, Aug. the 5th.

It was yesterday rumoured, that there was heard a mighty squeaking near this place, as of an army of mice, who were thought to lie in ambuscade in the said mow; upon this the farmer assembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was resolved that the mow should be removed, to prevent the farther destruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and seventy nine mice and three large rats were killed, and a vast number wounded, by pitch forks and other instruments of husbandry. A mouse that was close pursued, took shelter under Dolly's petticoats, but by the vigilance of George Simmons he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way thro' a deep morass, and crushed to death on the spot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only Cicily Hart was observed to make water under the said mow, as she was going a milking.

From the Great Yard, August the 6th.

It is very credibly reported, that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red cock and the pyed hen, they

they having of late appeared very much in public together. He yesterday made her a present of three barley-corns, so that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the same cock that fought a duel for her about a month ago.

From the 'Squire's House.

On Sunday last there was a noble entertainment in our great hall, where were present the parson and the farmer; the parson eat like a farmer, and the farmer like a parson. We refer you to the curious in calculations to decide which eat most.

It is reported that the minister christened a male child, last week, but it wants confirmation.

From the Justices Meeting, Aug. the 7th.

This day a jack-daw, well known in the parish, was ordered close prisoner to a cage, for crying cuckold to a justice of the quorum; and the same evening certain apples, for hissing in a disrespectful manner, as they were roasting, were committed to lambs-wool. The same day the said justices caused a pig to be whipt to death, and eat the same, being convicted of squeaking on the 10th of June.

From the Church, Aug. the 8th.

Divine service is continued in our parish as usual, though we have seldom the company of the neighbouring gentry; by whose manner of living it may be conjectured, that the advices from this place are not credited by them, or else regarded as matters of little consequence.

From the Church Yard, Aug. the 9th.

The minister (having observed his only daughter to seem too much affected with the intercourse of his bull and the cows of the parish,) has ordered the ceremony for the future to be performed not in his own court, but in the church-yard; where, at the first solemnity of that kind, the grave-stones of John Fry, Peter How, and Mary d'Urfey, were spurned

spurned down. This has already occasioned great debates in the vestry, the latter being the deceased wife of the singing clerk of this place.

Casualties this Week.

Several casualties have happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increased. There have died of the falling sickness two stumbling horses, as also one of their riders, Smothered (in onions) seven rabbits. Stifled (in a soldier's breeches) two geese. Of a sore throat, several sheep and calves at the butcher's. Starv'd to death, one bastard child, nursed at the parish charge. Stillborn, in eggs of turkeys, geese, ducks, and hens, thirty six. Drowned, nine puppies. Of wind in the bowels, five bottles of small beer. I have not as yet seen the exact list of the parish clerk, so that for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the flocks, only that Dick Adams was set in them last Sunday for swearing.

BON MOTS, or PITHY SAYINGS of Dean SWIFT on various Subjects.

SATYRISTS use the public as pedants do a naughty boy ready horsed for discipline; expostulate, then plead the necessity of the rod, and conclude every period with a lash.

Wits are like razors, which are most apt to cut those who use them when they have lost their edge.

Wisdom is like a fox, which after long hunting, must be dug out at last: Or a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, homelier, and coarser coat, and its maggots the better. Or a sack posset, in which the deeper you go, it is the sweeter. Or a hen, whose cackling must be valued and considered, because attended with an egg. Or a nut, which, unless chosen with judgment, may cost a tooth, and pay nothing but a worm.

A critick who reads only to censure, is as barbarous as a judge, who should resolve to hang all that came before him,

A critick in youth will be a critick in old age, and like a whore and an alderman, never changes his title nor his nature.

He

He is carried on to the noblest writers by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit.

In the perusal of a book he is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are set upon what the guests fling away; and consequently snarls most when there are fewest bones.

Men in misfortunes are like men in the dark, to whom all colours are alike.

It is with human faculties as with liquor, the lightest will ever be at the top.

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders discover every body's face but their own.

Opinions, like fashions, descend from those of quality down to the vulgar, where they are dropped, and vanish.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Ill company is like a dog that dirties those most whom he loves best.

A writer with a weak head and a corrupt heart, is like a hireling jade, dull and yet vicious.

After ten glorious campaigns, England, like the sick man, was just expiring with all sorts of good symptoms.

A copy of verses kept in a cabinet, and shewn to few, is like a virgin much sought after and admired: But when published, like a common whore, whom any may purchase for half a crown.

Eloquence smooth and cutting, is like a razor whetted with oil.

Jealousy, like fire, may shrivel up horns, but it makes them stink.

A poor man being asked how he did, said he was like a washball, always in decay.

The rich are, in troublesome times, often of no use but to be plundered: Like some sort of birds, which are good for nothing but their feathers.

Religion, like other things, is soonest put out of countenance by being ridiculed.

Plying an insipid worthless tract with grave and learned answers, is like flinging a mountain upon a worm, which, instead

instead of being bruised, by the advantage of its littleness, lodgeth under it unhurt.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal, whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent: For a bee is not a busier animal than a block-head. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help to regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

To attempt to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

The nicest constitution of government are often like the finest pieces of clock work; which depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little, leaves a man at ease, whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty make a fool seem a man of sense.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us: It being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which is destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot

suffer in others, is neither better nor worse, than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which though they make us stronger for a time, leave us weaker ever after.

To be angry, is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

A brave man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and providence.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions; like children, who, when they go in the dark, will sing for fear.

An Atheist is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety, but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion. He finds it easier to be upon his knees than to rise and do a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly to his creditor without ever repaying what he owes.

Any says of war, may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace: But generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than a sportsman for the hare.

The scripture, in time of disputes, is like an open town in the time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties; each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it for the next comer to do the same.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make sacrifice to God of the Devil's leavings.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when

we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

People are scandalized, if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why may not I laugh to think, what a bustle is here about my head.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

Whoever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

It is with followers at court, as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those who go before, and then tread on their heels.

He who marries a wife only because he cannot live chastely, is much like a man who, finding a few humours in his body, resolves to wear a perpetual blister.

Married people, for being so closely united, are, but the apter to pull apart; the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and uninterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Men are grateful in the same degree that they are resentful.

The character in conversation which commonly passes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falsehood.

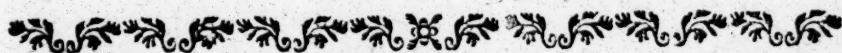
Some people are recommended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do them any.

Praise is like ambergrease: A little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable: But when a man holds a
who

whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.



THE Reverend Mr. Whiston, the famous astronomer, made a calculation, that the world would be at an end in eighteen years; and, some time after, being about to dispose of a little estate, he asked the buyer thirty years purchase; upon which, in great surprise, the gentleman demanded, "With what face he could ask so much, when he well knew the world would be at an end in little more than half that time."

Dr. South visiting a gentleman one morning, was ask'd to stay to dinner, which he accepted of; the gentleman slept into the next room, and told his wife, and desired she'd provide something extraordinary. Hereupon, she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand words; till at length her husband, provok'd at her behaviour, protested, that if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately slept out, crying, "I beg Sir, you'll make no stranger of me."

Some rartees, which strictly speaking ought not to be brought under the head of jests, yet for the readiness of thought are somewhat better. Of this sort was the answer made by Sir Robert Sutton, to the late king of Prussia, on his asking him at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he cou'd say an equal number of Englishmen cou'd beat 'em? "No, Sir, (answer'd Sir Robert,) I won't pretend to say that, but I believe half the number would try."

A gentleman arrested for a large sum, sent to an acquaintance, who had often profess'd great friendship to him, to beg he would be his bail; the other told him, he had promis'd never to be bail for any man, but with much kindness said, "I'll tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else if you can."

Mr. Amner, going through a street in Windsor, two boys look'd out of a one pair of stairs window, and cry'd, There goes Mr. Amner that makes so many bulls! He hearing them, look'd back, saying, "You rascals, I know you well enough; if I had you here, I'd throw you down stairs."

A gentleman intending to build a house, desired the judgement of his workmen as to the cost: They assur'd him, it would not exceed two hundred pounds—that sum wou'd be the Outside. And truly so the gentleman found it, for he had all the Inside of his house to furnish, after the zool. was expended.

Two gentlemen, one named Chambers, the other Garret, riding by Tyburn together; says the first, "This is a very pretty tenement, if it had but a Garret." "You fool, (says Garret,) don't you know there must be Chambers first."

A man having been at very high words with his wife, said in a passion, he would never bed with her again; but not being possess'd of two beds, he fixed a board in the middle of that one they had, to make a separation. In this state they continued some time, 'till one night as they both lay awake, wishing for a reconciliation, but neither caring to make the first advances, the husband chanced to sneeze; upon which his wife kindly said, "Heaven bless you, my dear." Do you speak that from your heart? said the man; "Indeed I do," (answered she,) "Well then, (says he,) take away the board."

A beggar asking Moliere for alms, he gave him, through absence of mind or mistake, for a less valuable piece, a loudore. The poor fellow on perceiving it, hobbled after him, and told him of it; upon which Moliere returned it to him, with another loudore, as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming, "My God! what a lodging virtue has taken up with there!"

Quon went one morning to a friend of his, who had built a new house at Bath, before it was quite finished; when, being affected in a certain natural way, after having enquired of the servant if his master was at home, and being answered in the negative—"Well, (said he,) however, shew

shew me your little house," — "Yes, Sir, (replied the servant,) the house is small, but it is very compact." — "I mean, (continued Quin,) your necessary house." — "Yes, Sir, (replied the servant,) I believe my master will find it very necessary, when he comes down, and much better than lodgings." — "Your conveniency, I mean, Quin said." — "Very convenient, I can assure you, (still continued, the servant.)" — Quin no longer able to contain himself, cried with some emphasis, "G—d d—n you, you rascal, shew me your ~~st~~ house, or, by G—d, I shall befoul my breeches. — "O Lord, Sir, (said the servant,) that is not built yet."

Three young sparks going into a tavern, saw an elderly gentleman sitting by himself. One of them went up to him and said, "Father Abraham I am glad to see you." The second entered the room, and said, "Father Isaac, I hope you are well." The third followed them, and said, "Father Jacob, shall we drink a glass with you?" The old gentleman look'd at them a short time with an air of contempt, and then replied, "I am neither Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob; but Saul, the son of Kish, who was sent to seek his father's asses; and having found them, left them." So went out of the room, and shut them in.

Taylor, the oculist, who was a great coxcomb, told a lady once, that he knew her thoughts by her eyes: Do you, says she, then I am sure you will keep them secret, for they are no way to your advantage.

A gentleman being at church, had his pocket picked of his watch, and complaining of it to a friend of his, he replied, had you watched as well as prayed, your watch had been secure; But the next watch you carry about you, remember these lines:

He that a watch wou'd wear, this he must do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

A gentleman coming to an Inn in Smithfield, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked, how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was? I/sa Yorkshire, says the fellow, an' ha' lived sixteen years here. I wonder, reply'd the gentleman, that in so long a time so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master

ster of the Inn yourself. "Aye, (answered the ostler,) but master's Yorkshire too.

Some years ago, two comedians belonging to Covent-Garden theatre, having a wager about which of them sung best, they agreed to refer it to Doctor Arne, who undertook to be the arbitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the doctor proceeded to give judgement in the following manner: "As for you, Sir, addressing himself to the first, you are by much the worst singer I ever heard in my life." Ah, says the other, exultingly, I knew I should win my wager. "Stop, Sir, says the doctor, I have a word to say to you before you go; which is this, that as for you Sir, you cannot sing at all."

A certain couple going to Dunmow in Essex, to demand the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married couple, who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repented their bargain, in a year and a day; the steward ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it? The husband produced a bag, and told him in that: That, says the steward, is not half big enough: "So I told my wife, answered the good man, and I believe we have had an hundred words about it." Aye! said the steward, then I must again hang up the bacon.

An honest Highlander, walking along Holborn, heard a voice cry; Rogue Scot! Rogue Scot! his Northern blood fired at the insult, he drew his broad sword, looking round him on every side to discover the object of his indignation; at last he found it came from a parrot perched in a balcony within his reach. But the generous Scot disdaining to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, puts up his sword again, with a sour smile, saying, "Gin ye were a mon as ye're a green goose, I would split your weem."

A Scotch bagpiper travelling into Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner; he had no sooner said grace, than three wolves came about him, to one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provision was all gone; at length, he took up his bagpipes and began to play; at which the wolves ran aw y. "The de'el saw me,

(said

(said Sawney,) an I had kenn'd ye lov'd music so, ye should have had it before dinner."

Fond wives, said one, do by their husbands, as barren wives do by their lap dogs; cram them with sweet-meats, till they cloy their stomachs.

Lord Chesterfield and another gentleman paying a morning visit together, just as the latter had stepped out of the carriage, a great lamp which hung in the centre of an iron arch before the door, fell, and missed the gentleman only by about half an inch. "Good God, my lord, (says he, much surprized,) I was near being gone." "Why, yes, (says my lord, very coolly,) but there would have been one comfort attending such an accident that you would have had Extreme Unction before you went."

Two Oxford scholars meeting on the road with a Yorkshire Ostler, fell to bantering him, and one of 'em told the fellow he wou'd prove him to be a horse or an afs. Well, said the ostler, and I can prove your saddle to be a mule. A mule! cry'd one of them, how the de'el can that be? "Because, (says the ostler) it is something between a horse and an afs."

One losing a bag of money, about fifty pounds between Temple Gate and Temple Bar, fixed up a paper, offering ten pounds reward to those who took it up, and would return it. Hereupon the person who found it, wrote underneath. "Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my loss."

An Irishman having been obliged to live with his master some time in Scotland, when he came back, some of his companions asked him how he liked Scotland? "I will tell you now, (said he) I was sick all de while I was there; and if I had liv'd there till this time, I had been dead a year ago."

A person of quality, coming into a church, where many of his ancestors lay buried; after he had spoke much in their commendation, and praised them for worthy men. "Well, (said he) I'm resolved, if I live, to be buried as near them as possible."

It was said by one, who remembered every thing he
lent

lent, and nothing he borrowed. "That he had lost half his memory."

When Mrs. Woffington first acted Sir Harry Wildair, at Drury Lane playhouse, coming off the stage into the green-room, "I believe, (said she) one half of the house take me really for a man," To which Mr. Quin replied, "But the other half, madam, knows to the contrary."

One meeting an old acquaintance, whom the world had a little frown'd upon, asked where he lived? "I don't know, (said he) where I live; but I starve down towards Wapping and that way."

A poor fellow going to execution, had a reprieve come just as he got to the gallows, and was taken back by the sheriff's officer; who told him he was a happy fellow, and asked him if he knew nothing of the reprieve before? "No, (replied the fellow) I thought no more of it than I did of my dying day."

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, in a new coat; the parson asked him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? The same people, said the shepherd, that cloath you, the parish. The parson nettled a little, rode on murmuring a pretty way and sent his man back to ask the shepherd, if he would come and live with him? for he wanted a fool. The man went to the shepherd accordingly, and delivered his master's message, concluding thereby that his master really wanted a fool. "Why, are you going away then?" (said the shepherd.) No, answered the other. Then you may tell your master (replies the shepherd,) his living won't maintain three of us."

A young fellow fancying himself possessed of talents sufficient to cut a figure on the stage, offer'd himself to Mr. Rich, and, according to custom was to speak before Mr. Quin: Just as he began to rant forth a tragedy speech, a dog that was running about the stage, at the same time, set up a terrible howl? Upon which, Quin ask'd whose dog that was, and being inform'd, he cry'd out, He's a dog of judgement, by J—e, and walk'd off without staying to hear the speech out.

A

A Flemish tyler in Flanders accidentally fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and kill'd him; though he escaped himself. The next of blood prosecuted his death with great violence against the tyler, and when offered pecuniary recompence, nothing would serve him but Lex Talionis. Hereupon the Judge said to him, if he did insist upon that sentence, he should go up to the top of the same house, and fall down from thence upon the tyler.

In the year 1629 Ben Johnson fell sick, and was then poor, and lodg'd in an obscure alley; his majesty Charles I. was supplicated in his favour, who sent him ten guineas. When the messenger delivered the sum, Ben took it in his hand, and said, "His majesty has sent me ten guineas, because I am poor and live in an alley; go and tell him, That his soul lives in an alley."

When Quin lodg'd in the country, he turn'd his horse to graze and lost him; making an enquiry after him, he ask'd a country fellow if they had any thieves among them, for his horse was stolen? "No, (says the clown) we be all honest folks here; but they say, there is one Quin, I think they call him, a strolling player from London, mayhap he may a'stolen him."

One telling another, he had once so excellent a gun, that it went off immediately at thieves coming into the house, although it was not charg'd. How the devil can that be? says the other. "Because, said he, the thieves carried it off; and what was worse, before I had time to charge them with it."

A dignified clergyman, going down to his living to spend the summer, met near his house a comical old chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. So, John, says the doctor, from whence came you? From your house, says Mr. Soot; for this morning I have swept all your chimneys. How many were there, says the doctor? No less then twenty, quoth John. Well, and how much a chimney have you? Only a shilling a-piece, Sir. Why then, quoth the doctor, you have earned a great deal of money in a little time. "Yes, yes, Sir, says John, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulders, we black coats get our money easy enough."

Two neighbouring gentlemen of equal fortunes, and remarkable for their avarice, were distinguish'd in their parish by the names of Crib and Starve Gut.

Mr. Crib often visited his neighbour, and was as often visited by him, but as they had both the same end in view, they never ask'd each other to eat or drink; and thus they went on together very amicably, till Crib one day was present at his friend's, when a man came to pay the interest of a thousand pounds, which rais'd Mr. Crib's envy so much, that he left the room, and went home; but returned in the evening to Mr. Starve Gut, in order to learn some of his saving maxims.

When Crib came in, he found him writing of a letter by a farthing candle; he was no sooner sat down, but Mr. Starve Gut put it out. How now, says Crib, what's that for? To which Starve Gut replied, Can't we two talk as well in the dark? Faith, neighbour, says Crib, you are an excellent œconomist; I wish you would teach me some of your rules. Why, friend, says Starve Gut, one of my chief maxims is, never to spend more than is necessary, witness the candle! Right, quoth Crib.

I remember, says Starve Gut, the saying of an old Philosopher, which ought to be writ in letters of gold; namely, "That whatever is unnecessary is too dear at a farthing." Right, quoth Crib; thank you, neighbour; egad, I'll set this down.

Now we are talking of saving, says Starve Gut, let me ask you one question, for you must know there is a great difference between being covetous, and being saving; for my part there is nothing I hate more than a stingy man. But to my question.

Pray, friend Crib, do you shave yourself? Quoth Crib. What do you take me for a fool? Well, well, says Starve Gut, don't be in a passion, I did but ask; but what do you do with your lather? Why, fling it away, says Crib, what do you think? Why, there it is now, says Starve Gut, that's enough to ruin any man; why, I always wash half a dozen handkerchiefs and a night cap in mine, and then save it to wash my stockings!

My

My friend, Tom Tickle, is peculiarly odd in his manner of drawing characters: I remember he once, while I was with him, sent his servant to a gentleman, who is remarkable for being always in a hurry, with a message of great importance; but the servant return'd, and told his master, that the gentleman was in so great a hurry, he could not speak to him. "'Tis no more than what I expected," (says Tom) for he loses an hour in the morning and runs after it all day."

Hippesly, the player, having a large full wig on, which he had not paid for, was told by a friend of his, that it was a very good one. "Faith! Sir, (said he, with his usual humour) I know not how good it may prove in the long run, but at present it has run me over head and ears in debt."

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade, was told of some of his tricks by a merchant on change; and being a little nettled at his reproaches, said, What! Sir, do you call me a rogue? "No, I don't call you a rogue, (says the merchant) but I'll give you ten guineas, if you'll find any one here, who will say you are an honest man."

A citizen invited some of his neighbours to a feast, his son handing a glass of wine to a gentleman accidentally spilt it on his band; and for his carelessness his father took him a box on the ear. The son having recovered himself, gave the next man a good box. Being ask'd the reason, he said, "Come, come, let it go round, 'twill come to my father anon, for I dare not strike him myself."

A Quaker, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tythes, Yea and Nay went to him and demanded the reason why he troubled him, seeing he never had dealings with him in his whole life: Why, says the parson, "it is for tythes." "For tythes! says the Quaker; I pry'thee, friend, upon what account?" "Why, says the parson, for preaching in the church." "Alas! then, replied the Quaker, I have nothing to do to pay thee; for I come not there." "Oh! but thou might, says the parson, for the doors are always open at convenient times;" and thereupon told him he would be paid, seeing it was his due. Yea and

Nay hereupon shook his ears, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (it being a corporation town) against the parson for forty shillings. The parson upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, Why he put such a disgrace upon him? and for what he did owe him the money? "Truly, friend, replied the Quaker, for trimming." For trimming? said the parson; Why, I was never trimmed by you in my life." Oh! but thou might'st have come and been trimmed, if thou had'st pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times as well as thine.

A man very rich, but very silly, was recommended to a gentleman as a good match for his daughter. "No, no, said he, I would rather have a man for my daughter without money, than money without a man."

Two riding from Shipton to Barford, and seeing a miller jog on softly before 'em on his sacks, were resolved to abuse him; so they went one on each side, saying, miller, now tell us, which art thou most, knave or fool? Truly, said he, I don't know which I am most, but I believe I am between both.

One was saying that his great grandfather, and grandfather, and father died at sea. Quoth another that heard him,, if I were you I would never go to sea. Why, said the other, where did your great grandfather, and grandfather and father die? He answered, In their beds. Then said the first. "And if I were you, I would never go to bed."

A gentleman meeting the king's jester, ask'd what news? Why, Sir, replied he, there are forty thousand men risen to day. I pray, to what end, said the other, and what do they intend? Why to lay down again at night.

Lady B——— L——— being at the play of the Hypocrite, in which there are several Latin sentences, she applied to a macaroni, who sat behind her, for an explanation. He said it was dog Latin, and could not explain it. "It is strange, cried she, that a puppy should not understand his own language."

Lord Chatham making one of a party at whist, one of the gamblers with a bitter oath, declared, He had the worst hand

hand in the company; a considerable bet was proposed, and agreed to by his lordship, that he had a worse; he pulled off his glove, and shewed his gouty hand, when the company unanimously pronounced it in his lordship's favour.

An English gentleman being taken ill of a yellow fever at Jamaica, a lady, who had married in that island, indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician that attended him, the propriety of making his will, in a country where people were so apt to die; the physician thinking his judgment called in question, tartly replied, "By Jafus, madam, I wish you would tell me that country where people do not die, and I will go and end my days there."

A gentleman had a blind harper playing before him till it was pretty late; at last he commands his man to light the harper down stairs: To whom the servant replied, Sir, the harper is blind: Why, you ignorant loggerhead, says his master, has he not the more need of light?

On a time Ogle wanting a pair of boots to mount guard in, goes into a shoemaker's shop, and ask'd for a pair of boots, which were brought him. They fitting him, he walk'd up and down the shop to settle them to his feet; and seeing an opportunity he ran out of the shop and the shoemaker followed him, crying, stop thief! stop thief! Ogle, said, No, gentlemen, 'tis for a wager; I am to run in boots, and he in shoe and stockings. Then said the mob, well run boots, for shoes and stockings will never overtake thee.

'Twas no bad joke of lady Starve Gut's footman, who, on the pantry being kept lock'd, nail'd up the necessary; on being ask'd the reason, he told her ladyship, while one was unopen, the other was unnecessary.

One was advised to venture something in a lottery: Not I, says he, for none have luck in it but rank cuckolds. Come, come, says his wife, I pray, my dear, venture something; I am sure you'll stand as good a chance as any of them.

A sea captain's opinion being asked about a future state, he answered, that "State affairs never troubled his brains."

A Scotch gentleman being once reproached for voting against his conscience, said the charge was false; for he never had a conscience,

A lady ordered her Irish footman to Mr. Richards the famous staymaker, to fetch home a new pair of stays, strictly charging him, if it rain'd, to take a hackney coach, to prevent their being injur'd by the weather. A violent shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with the stays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not obeying the commands of his lady, repli'd. "That in truth he did take a coach, but rode all the way behind it, as it became his station."

An Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him, why he did so? "Upon my shoul, (says teague) it is to see how I look when I am a-sleep."

One having a kinswoman come out of the country, that was never at London before, invited her to bread, and having shew'd her the tombs at Westminster, came with her to the king's chapel, where the organ was playing, and entering in, he took her by the hand to lead her to a convenient seat; but she held back, saying, indeed cousin, you must excuse me, I cannot dance.

While a scholar was blowing his fire, the nose of his bellows dropt off; I see, indeed, says he, it's cold weather, for the nose of the very bellows drops.

A little gentleman going to a friend's house, found himself too short to reach the knocker; at last seeing a very tall fellow coming by, begg'd him to do it for him; which (though very unwillingly) he did, at the same time muttering, "Damn it, what are little fellows like you made for?" the other snarlingly reply'd, "To be waited on by the tall ones like you."

A scholar being so fuddled, that he could not unlock his door, complained to the governor, that somebody had stolen away his key hole.

A scholar of Christ Church that was whimsical, or, as we used to say, that had a maggot in his head, always complain'd that when he eat fish, they would rise in his stomach.

mach. "No wonder, quoth another, for they rise and leap after the maggot in your head."

One seeing an affected coxcomb buying books, told him, his bookseller was properly his upholsterer, for he furnished his room rather than his head.

A young lady with a good fortune, having bestowed herself on a wild young fellow; "Well, says the old lady her aunt, for all you were so eager to have him, you'll have your belly full of him in a little time, I'll warrant you."

A gentleman coming to Maidstone Goal, seeing an old acquaintance of his there, said, How now, Tom, how camest thou here? "Faith, said he, a blind man might have found the way hither, for I was led between two; and they would not suffer me to go no other way."

A very ingenious man was walking along Cheapside, whom a hectoring blade meeting, thrust him from the wall, saying, He did not chuse to give every saucy Jack-anapes the wall. But I do, said the gentleman; and so passed on.

A tradesman newly made mayor of a little town in the North, meeting with an old acquaintance while he was mending his hedge, who spoke to him, and by accident kept his hat off, imagined it was done out of respect to his new dignity: upon which, bridling and composing his muscles with great gravity, he said, "Put on your hat, Sir, put on your hat, I am still but a man."

A gentleman being choaked with a honey comb, his friend began to bemoan him, Why make you such lamentation? said a witty person; never man had a sweeter death.

Lord S——h, after the first day of the naval review at Portsmouth, having asked a clergyman, whether such a profusion of fire and smoke did not give him an idea of hell? the reverend ecclesiastic replied, Yes; especially as I observed your lordship to be in the midst of it.

A lawyer and his clerk riding on the road, the clerk desired to know what was the chief point of the law. His master said, if he would promise to pay for their suppers that night, he would tell him; which was agreed to. Why

then, said the master, good witnesses are the chief point in the law. When they came to the Inn, the master bespoke a couple of owls for supper; and when they had supped, told the clerk to pay for them according to agreement. O Sir, says he, where's your witness.

An apothecary said, that all bitter things were hot. Ay, says another, What think you of bitter cold weather.

A taylor sent his bill to a lawyer for money; the lawyer bid the boy to tell his master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that time. The boy comes again, and tells him, he must needs have the money. Did't tell thy master, said the lawyer, I was not running away? Yes, Sir, said the boy, but he bid me tell you, that he was.

One told another, who was not used to be clothed often, that his new coat was too short for him. "That's true," said he, but it will be long enough before I get another."

Two country fellows meeting, one asked the other, what news? He answered, He knew no other news, but that he saw a very great wind last Friday. See a wind! says the other. Yes, see it, replied he again. Pr'ythee, what was it like? said he. Like! said the other; why it was like to blow my house down.

A beggar addressing himself to an old miser, used these words, "Dear Sir, bestow your charity." To which the miser replied, I have it not. Ah! quoth the beggar, the more shame for you, to have so much money and no charity.

A gentleman having a very rich favour in his hat, several ladies seeing it had a liking to it, and would have got it, if they could, without begging. But one of them said to him, Sir, you have a very fine favour in your hat. Pray, madam, said he, do you like it? Yes, indeed, Sir, says she, very well. "Why, says he, if you had not liked it, I would have thrown it into the fire immediately; but seeing that you do, I am resolved to keep it for your sake."

Two scholars passing by a windmill, stood for some time viewing it: the miller looking out of a little wicket, asked them what they would have, and what they stared at? Why says one of them, we are looking at this thing; I pray, what

what is it? Why, says the miller, don't you see? Where are your eyes? It is a windmill. "We crave your mercy, Sir, says the scholars, we took it for a goal, seeing a thief looking out of the window."

The standers-by, to comfort a poor man who lay on his death-bed, told him, he should be carried to church by four lusty proper fellows. "I thank you, says he, but I had much rather go myself."

Two women were chatting together, says one, my daughter has not laid her eyes together this four nights; You fool, says t'other, how should she? does not her nose lie between?

One with a great beard going along where there was a stop of carts; he standing near a cart-horse, the horse took his beard for a bottle of hay, and snapp'd at it. A pox take you, says he, who made you a barber?



N E W

EPIGRAMS, TALES, TOASTS, &c.

By various Hands.

The artful Declaration: Or, the Cuckold comforted. From the French.

Indulgent Cornus to his spouse's labour,
 Having invited ev'ry useful neighbour,
 With tears stood list'ning to her dismal cries,
 Which she observing bade him wipe his eyes,
 " Your grief on this account, my dear refrain,
 " I can't charge you as author of my pain.

To a S E M P S T R E S S.

O H, what bosom but must yield,
 When, like Pallas, you advance,
 With a thimble for your shield,
 And a needle for your lance;
 Fairest of the stitching train,
 Ease my passion by your art;
 And in pity to my pain,
 Mend the hole that's in my heart.

On seeing a young Lady accidentally break a Glass.
By her Brother.

SEE, sister, in this shatter'd glass,
The fate of many a pretty lass :
Woman, like glass, is frail and weak,
Is apt to slip, is apt to break :
Therefore, guide every step with caution,
For just like glass is reputation ;
Both broke to pieces in once falling
For ever lost, and past recalling.

The W I S H. By a young Lady.

I ask not wit, nor beauty do I crave.
Nor wealth, nor pompous titles wish to have :
But since 'tis doom'd through all degrees of life,
Whether a daughter, sister, or a wife.
That females should the stronger males obey,
And yield implicit to their lordly sway ;
Since this, I say, is ev'ry woman's fate,
Give me a mind to suit my slavish state.

S Y L V I A.

C R I E S Sylvia to a rev'rend dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in Heaven ?
There are no women, he reply'd :
She quick returns the jest—
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

On the Derivation of the Word N E W S.

T H E Word explains itself without the Muse,
And the four letters speak whence come the News :
From North, East, West, and South, solutions made,
Each quarter gives account of War and Trade.

On

On the Marriage of Miss LAMB to Mr. LION, who from
a great Rake became a sober Husband.

THAT Love work miracles we find;
Lo! this event discovers
A union of amazing kind!
Who thought they'd e're been lovers?
Posterity will think it strange,
Believe it all a sham,
When they are told the mighty change,
That Lion spoats with Lamb.
Farther,—how wond'rous 'twill appear,
Which many will say he on.
When they with truth this story hear,
A Lamb has tam'd a Lion.

To a Lady who desir'd the Author to write no more Verses.
Extempore.

DELIA, 'twas your command first taught
The infant muse to sing;
Drew from obscurity the bard,
To strike the trembling string:
At your command he drops the pen,
Obsequious quits the lyre;
Content, those charms he durst not sing,
In silence to admire.

On a disinherited SON.

THY Father, his estate, by his last will,
Left to the poor; thou hast good title still.

WOMEN the best Politicians.

ONE night plump Sue and coachman Ned.
A bargain struck in haste to wed;
A crown was stak'd, the pair consented
To lose their pledge who first repented.
Time for the matrimonial farce,

To-

To-morrow comes—Ned hangs on arse,
 Of bad the best poor Sukey makes;
 And, angry, claims his forfeit stakes:
 Ned frankly paid it as agreed,
 Of a worse bargain to be freed;
 Quoth he, thou'rt welcome; on my life,
 A cheap divorcement from a wife.
 The crafty queen, who feign'd a while,
 Soon answer'd with a jeering smile,
 ' Ah, fool, 'tis well you first relented,
 ' I'd lost—had you but seem'd contented:
 ' Gladly your freedom I'll restore,
 ' One shilling spend, and pocket four.'
 Ladies, lay Ovid's rules apart,
 In love learn thriftier Susan's art.

By Mr. ———

JOAN vows, to hearten tim'rous youth,
 She ne'er saw ghost, or thing uncivil,
 Worse than herself—tho' once, in truth,
 Joan does believe she saw the devil.

On the Marriage of an Old MAID.

CELIA, a coquet in her prime,
 The vainest, ficklest thing alive;
 Behold the strange effects of time!
 Marries, and doats at forty-five.
 Thus weather cocks, who, for a while,
 Have torn'd about with every blast;
 Grown old, and destitute of oil,
 Rust to a point and fix at last.

On an Old WOMAN who wore false Hair.

THE golden hair that Galla wears,
 Is hers, who would have thought it?
 She swears 'tis hers—and true she swears;
 For I know where she bought it.

On a LADY wearing artificial Teeth.

THIS her teeth are black and nought,
 Lucania's white are grown;
 But what's the reason? These are bought,
 The other wears her own.

On an ugly Old WOMAN in the Dark. From Martial:

WHILST in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting Syren in thy tongue;
 What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
 But when the candle enter'd I was cur'd.

On seeing a disagreeable Woman with patches on her Face.

YOUR homely face, Flippanta, you disguise
 With patches numerous as Argus eyes;
 I own that patching's requisite for you,
 For more were pleas'd in less your face we view.
 Yet I advise, if my advice you ask,
 Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

By Dr. SWIFT.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to his heels, and ran for his life,
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
 Then ventur'd to give some wholesome advice;
 But Tom is a fellow of humour so nice,
 Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
 He sent to all three a challenge next morning.
 He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life,
 Then went home again, and was thrash'd by his wife.

The disappointed Husband.

A scolding wife so long a sleep possess'd,
 Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest.

Sable

Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,
 And all their cheer was sugar-rolls and sack.
 Two mourning staffs stood centry at the door,
 And silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
 The cloaks and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
 They march'd in woeful pomp to Abchurch Yard.
 When see of narrow streets what mischiefs come!
 The very dead can't pass in quiet home.
 By some rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,
 And madam from her dream of death awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd! the undertakers pay,
 Sour faces, cakes and wine quite thrown away;
 But some years after, when the former scene
 Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
 The tender husband took especial care
 To keep the passage from disturbance clear;
 Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his dear in such another fright.

On a Company of bad Dancers to good Music.

HOW ill the motion with the music suits!
 So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

On the Burser of a College in Oxford, cutting down the
 Trees near to the said College, for his own use.

INDULGENT Nature to each creature shows
 A secret instinct to discern its foes;
 The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;
 Lambs flee from wolves, and sailors steer from rocks.
 The thief the gallows as his fate foresees,
 And bears the like antipathy to trees.

To a bad FIDLER.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd old Nick,
 But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddlestick.

A Marriage Certificate. By Dr. SWIFT.

UNDER this hedge in stormy weather,
 I join'd this whore * and rogue together ;
 And none but he who made the thunder,
 Can put this whore and rogue afunder.

On an empty COXCOMB.

You beat your pate and fancy wit will come,
 Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

The Advantage of having two Physicians.

ONE prompt physician like a sculler plies,
 And all his art, and all his skill applies ;
 But two physicians, like a pair of oars
 Convey you soonest to the Stygian shores.

LIARS compared.

Such a Liar is Tom, there's no one can lie faster,
 Excepting his maid and she'll Lie with her master.

On a Grave-stone in Cirencester Church Yard.

DEATH takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
 And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

On an Old MAID.

Ancient Phyllis has young graces ;
 'Tis a strange thing but a true one ;
 Shall I tell you how ?
 She herself makes her own faces,
 And each morning wears a new one ;
 Where's the wonder now ?

* She was big with Child when the Ceremony was performed.

Epitaph

Epitaph on a Country SEXTON.

Here lies old Hare, worn out with care,
 Who whilom toll'd the bell;
 Cou'd dig a grave, or set a slave,
 And say Amen full well,
 For sacred song, he'd Sternhold's tongue,
 And Hopkin's eke allo;
 With cough and hem, he stood by them,
 As far as lungs wou'd go.
 Many a feast for worms he dress'd,
 Himself then wanting bread;
 But lo! he's gone, with skin and bone,
 To starve 'em now he's dead.
 Here take his spade, and use his trade,
 Since he is out of breath;
 Cover the bones of him, who once
 Wrought journeywork for Death.

By Mr. PRIOR.

To John I ow'd great obligation,
 But John unhappily thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation:
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

On a Gentleman who died the Day after his Lady.

SHE first departed, he for one day try'd
 To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

On some Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast.

Those envious flakes came down in haste,
 To prove her breast so fair;
 Grieving to find themselves surpast;
 Dissolv'd into a tear.

On a Woman grown exceeding demure after Marriage.

CHLOE new married, looks at men no more;
Why then, 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

On my Neighbour Thomas, and his Spouse.

When Thomas calls his wife his half,
I like the fellow's whim;
For why? She horns him, so the jilt
Belongs but half to him.

On a bad Husband.

On his death bed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.
A different cause, says parson Sly,
The same effect may give,
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
His wife, that he may live.

Sold Worth in a WIFE.

When Loveless married lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
I chose her, says he, like old place,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

The Pretender's Wish.

George came to the crown without striking a blow;
Ah! saith the Pretender, wou'd I cou'd do so.

On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune in Horse-
Racing.

John run so long, and run so fast,
No wonder he run out at last;

He

He ran in debt, and then to pay,
He distanc'd all, and ran away.

The S T O R M.

It blew an hard storm and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution,
Which done and the weight of their sins they'd confess'd,
Were transfer'd, as they thought, from [themselves to the
priest,
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson soule into the ocean.

On a Miser and a Spendthrift.

Rich Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend
T' encrease that wealth he wants a soul to spend;
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get;
How happy wou'd to each appear his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind fate and fortune! blend 'em if you can.
And, of two wretches, make one happy man.

On a pretty common Woman.

Wou'd thou had'st beauty less, or virtue more;
For nothing's uglier than a pretty whore.

On a pretty Lady of ill Temper.

Did Celia's person and her mind agree,
What mortal cou'd behold her and be free;
But nature has, in pity to mankind,
Enrich'd the image, and defac'd the mind.

A Lady wrote upon a Window some Verses, intimating her
Design of never marrying; under which a Gentleman
wrote the following Lines.

THE lady whom this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass, because it should be broke.

A D R E A M.

I dream'd, that buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay,
And, as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of consequence I cry'd:
Scoundrel begone, and henceforth touch me not;
More manners learn and at a distance rot.
How! Scoundrel! in a haughtier tone, said he;
Proud lump of dirt! I scorn thy words and thee:
Here all are equal; now thy case is mine;
This is my rotting-place, and that is thine.

An Epitaph on Mr. F O O T E.

Here lies one Foote, whose death may thousands save;
For death has now One Foote withing the grave.

Epitaph on a Miser married to a Coquette.

Here resteth John, 'midst other clay, }
Who heap'd up riches every day, }
And never gave one doit away; }
Parted with nothing all his life,
But what in common was—his wife.

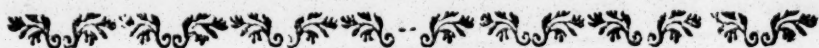
On the Death of an Undertaker.

Subdued by death, here death's great herald lies,
And adds a trophy to his victories;
Yet sure he was prepar'd, who, while he'd breath,
Made it his business still to look for death.

The W O R L D.

This world is the best that we live in,
To lend, and to spend, and to give in,
But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,
It is the worst world that ever was known.

CURIOUS



C U R I O U S C O N U N D R U M S.

W H Y are the torments of hell like a circle ?
Because they have no end.

Why is Tyburn like marriage ?
Because it ties fast for life.

Why is Mr. L——'s head like a pond without water ?
Because it is empty.

Why is an eunuch like a poor fellow ?
Because he has No-thing.

Why is a good adviser like a lighted lamp ?
Because he is a guide to our ways.

Why is a leaky barrel like a coward ?
Because it runs.

Why is a cobbler like a parson ?
Because he mends the soul.

Why is the day and night like soldiers upon centry ?
Because when one comes the other goes,

Why is a book like a fruit tree in spring ?
Because it is full of leaves.

Why is a woman's tongue like a good clock ?
Because it never stands still.

Why is it impossible to ravish some women ?
Because they are willing.

Why are most pieces of villainy like a candle ?
Because they are brought to light.

Why is a lady in her shift like the Hague ?
Because she is in Holland.

Why is a man on horseback like a fan ?
Because he is mounted.

Why

Why is a little girl in arms, like a woman that comes before her time?

Because she is mis-carried.

Tobit went out, and his dog with him; he went not before, behind, nor on one side of him. Then where did he go?

On t'other side.

Why are Free Masons like an old maid?

Because their Joke is stale.

Why is a barrel of beer almost drawn out, like a country waggon?

Because it is tilted.

Why is my Lord Mayor like an almanack?

Because he serves but a year.

Why is a silly fellow like a feather-bed?

Because he is soft.

Why is a taylor like a sprout?

Because he will cabbage,

Why is a cobbler's stall like hell?

Because there are bad Soles in it.

Why is the moon like a weather-cock?

Because it often changes.

Why is the first floor like a lie?

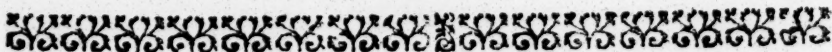
Because it is a story raised.

Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion?

Because she dresses well,

Why is a blind man heavier than one that can see?

Because he is not so light.



T O A S T S

A N D

S E N T I M E N T S.

THE true art of riding, to mount with vigour, and dismount with ease, not forgetting to keep upright in the saddle.

Hedge.

Hedge-hog saddles, cobweb breeches, and perpetual riding
 to the enemies of Great Britain.
 Where we came from, and where we wish to be.
 The Printer, whose stroke is true, and makes a clear im-
 pression.
 Gratitude where it is due.
 Religion without hypocrisy.
 Virtue without a mask.
 The naked truth.
 The honest tallow-chandler, who dips to the end of his rush.
 Happiness here and hereafter.
 If we have power to serve, may we feel for the distresses of
 our fellow creatures.
 May our clergy adopt the Jewish law, that the farmer may
 save his tythe pig.
 Sincere expressions, and punctual appointments.
 Friendship with women and wine.
 Property, with becoming gravity.
 Jokes without malice.
 Generosity without profusion.
 May we profit by good advice.
 May we never be above instruction.
 May the bonds of friendship unite this society.
 Lips pregnant with moisture, eyes swimming in pleasure.
 May the glory of Britain never be eclips'd.
 Success to captain Guelph!
 Hardiness to Hardy.
 Honours to Byron and Barrington.
 May Boteler be promoted for his Ardent endeavours to beat
 the French.
 Condign punishment to capital offenders.
 Unanimity to the officers of Great Britain by land and by sea.
 May the liberty of the press never be oppress'd.
 May the ship Britannia be steer'd clear from all danger by
 pilot Shelburne.
 Health to every honest seaman.
 May the sportsman be in at the death of his complaints and
 return with the end of his pursuit—health.
 Reformation of manners to our present reformers.
 Duty to the parent, affection to the child

Prerogative

Prerogative to the king, liberty to the subject.
 Peace with America.
 Confusion to French politicks.
 Independance to the house of Commons
 Comfort to the afflicted.
 One head, one heart, and one hand to the British nation.
 Community, Unity, Navigation, and Trade.
 May the scissars of œconomy clip the wings of extravagance.
 May we never meet an old friend with a new face.
 Delicate pleasure to susceptible minds.
 Presence of mind in the hour of danger.
 The constitution, church, and state.
 Liberty, property, and no excise.
 May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflection of the
 morning.
 A good wife, and a great many of them.
 A head to earn, and a heart to spend.
 All we wish, and all we want.
 All that gives you pleasure,
 All true hearts and sound bottoms.
 The pleasures in pleasing.
 Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.
 Days of ease and nights of pleasure.
 Decept œconomy.
 Disappointment to those who barter the cause of their coun-
 try for ostentation or fordid gain.
 Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter,
 Friendship without interest. and love without deceit.
 Frugality without meanness.
 Gaiety and innocence.
 Great men honest, and honest men great.
 Health, joy, and mutual love
 Health in freedom, and content in bondage.
 Health of body, peace in mind, a clean shirt and a guinea.
 Health, love, and ready-rhino,
 To every one that you and I know.
 Honour and influence to the public spirited patrons of trade.
 Horses strong, oxen plenty.
 Men strong and women healthy.
 Independency, and a genteel sufficiency.

Kiss

Kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

Life, love, and liberty.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Love for love.

Love, fire, and frolic.

Love and opportunity.

May the passions of women be stronger than the prejudice of education

May the single be married, and the married be happy.

May our joy and vigour be united, and both be extensive.

May our joys with the fair give pleasure to the heart.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting,

May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.

May power ever continue in the friends of England

The losing gamesters.

What charms, arms, and disarms.

May he who has neither wife, mistress, nor estate in England, never have any share in the government of it.

May the enemies of England never eat the bread thereof, or, if they do, be choaked with the first bit.

May the friends of England ever have access to the throne.

May our endeavours be always successful, when engaged under the banner of justice.

May our conscience be sound, though our fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship always want friends.

May we, as Christians, be zealous without uncharitableness; as subjects, loyal without servility; and as citizens, free without faction.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.

May the man we love be honest, and the land we live in free.

May we always have a friend, and know his value.

Money to him that has spirit to use it,

And life to him that has courage to lose it.

Peace and plenty.

Pleasures

Pleasures that please on reflection.
Plenty to a generous mind.
Provision to the unprovided.
Queen of joy.
Star above the garter.
The honest patriot, and unbiass'd Briton.
The steady friends of Britain.
The love of liberty, and liberty in love.
The two strangers at court, (Honour and Honesty.)
The road to a Christening.
The union of two fond hearts.

F I N I S.



